THE HICKMAN COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

"O WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST."

O wind that blows out of the West,
Thou hast swept over mountain and seat
Dost thou bear on thy swift, airy wings
The breath of love to me?
Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?
Or tangled her soft, brown hair?
Or fluttered the fragrant heart
Of the rose she loved to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West,
Hast thou seen my love today,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
Under skies so far away?
Hast thou gilded a path for her feet,
Or deepened the glow on her cheeks,
Or bent from the skies to hear
The low, sweet words she speaks?

O stars that are bright in the West
When the hush of the night is deep,
Do ye see my love as she lies
Like a chaste, white flower asleep?
Does she smile as she walks with me
In the light of a happy dream,
While the night winds rustle the leaves,
And the light waves ripple and gleam?

O birds that fly out of the West,
Do ye bring me a message from her,
As sweet as your love-notes are,
When the warm spring breezes stir?
Did she whisper a word of me
As your tremulous wings swept by,
Or utter my name, mayhap,
In a single, passionate cry?

O voices out of the West,
Ye are silent every one,
And never an answer comes
From wind, or stars, or sun!
And the blithe birds come and go
Through the boundless fields of space,
As reckless of human prayers
As if earth were a desert place!

—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in Century Magazine.*

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1.

Ah, well-a-day! that such a sad, sad time should have come to the family who have given me shelter and employment for nigh thirty years come Christmas. To be sure, we can't expect to have the sky always blue, and the posies always showing off their pretty colors, but none the less, if one has enough sailing for a while it makes the storm seem harder to bear than if one begins rough and ends smooth.

I began to live with my mistress the very day she came back from her wedding trip and settled down in the old family mansion which had been in her husband's family for so many years. She was a bonnie young lady then, and though nigh on to fifty years old now, I think her face has only grown sweeter and more beautiful with every added twelvemonth. The kind of life she has lived always has that kind of effect, or its opposite. One either sweetens or sours under such experiences. For, to say the truth, the old master has a temper that carries all before it when this fit is on him. When it passes over he is like a lamb. I am sure Miss Cecile—or rather, I should say Mrs. Cecile—must have taken him for a more amiable person, and, so to speak, must have been fright ened enough when she found out she had married a wolf in sheep's clothing.

I know I ought to be ashamed of myself to call master a wolf, for, as I said before, it's only his temper that runs away with him—he'd be an angel if it wasn't for that.

But we've a sorrow in the family now that puts all others in the shade. Our dear young master, Philip, is lying in the house dead. His face, which is so like my mistress' own, is as white as one of the statues that give me the shivers when I go into the drawing room to light up the chandeliers. His brown eyes will never more smile at me as when I used to open the door for him at a very late hour of the night, and he'd say

"Thank you, Sally; I shall remember you when I have a house of my own."

It has always been a wonder to me that Master Philip would keep such irregular hours, for he never had a sign of drink upon him, and I can't think an immoral thought ever entered into his head.

But he'll never have a chance to set my mind at rest about it now, even if I had ever forgotten myself enough to question him, which I don't think I should, for I know my place.

Master Philip would have been twenty-eight to-morrow, if he had lived to see the day, but it will now have two anniversaries connected with it—for he is to be buried to-morrow from Dr. Gray's church.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2—AT MIDNIGHT.

When my mother first put it into my head to keep a journal I was only a chit of twelve, and I've kept it up ever since, though I've often thought "What's the use of writing down the same things day after day in such a monotonous life as mine is?" But no story writer ever had to tell of a stranger experience than I'm going to set down now. I'd best begin with the mourning coaches which were a following our dear young master's body to the church.

Old master and mistress were all alone in the first one, for Master Philip was their only child, and neither of them had any relatives in this part of the world. Master is the only one left of his family, and mistress' father and mother, and Miss Agnes, her only sister, are traveling in foreign countries, and no one knows exactly where, for every new letter gives a new direction to send to.

All the servants under my charge were in the second coach, and Pierre, the colored butler and the men servants followed on in another coach behind us.

I shall never forget my feelings when we all filed into the church two by two, and heard the minister's voice saying, so slow and solemn "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and all the rest of that beautiful selection from the Holy Book, and thought about its being Master Philip's body which was lying so cold and still in the velvet-covered coffin borne in front of us. There was a dim, religious light in the church, and the place in front of the chancel looked like a flower-bed with the anchors, and broken columns, and pillows of immortelles, and other devices, such as crosses, and stars and crowns, all made of the choicest and most fragrant of white flowers. Large as the church was, it was filled, for the Everetts are one of the leading families, and great sympathy is felt for them; and then, too, in such a great, thickly-populated city as New York is, when the doors of a church are thrown open upon any occasion out of the ordinary there will always be a great many strangers attracted to enter in, and see what is to be seen.

All through the solemn and touching service I was crying as though my heart would break; for I could see Master Philip's face before me all the time—now as a merry, laughing little boy's, then as the handsome, pleasant-looking one which was his when grown up.

At last the minister was through and then he came to the head of the coffin as the undertaker unfastened the lid and turned it back. He stood for a moment looking down at my young master; then he said, his voice all of a tremble:

"An opportunity will be given to all who desire to look once more upon the face of our dear young friend."

Then followed directions to the people how to move so that no confusion should follow, and then for an instant there was a pause of such utter stillness that I could hear my heart beat, before the rustling of draperies and the subdued sound of moving feet was heard.

Then rich and poor young and old, friends and strangers, joined in the procession which was to pass by poor Master Philip and gaze upon his dead face. I'm of English birth myself, and I have all the English horror of the American custom of opening a coffin in public. I felt as though I would give worlds could I have the right to speak out then, and there, and forbid this exposure of Master Philip. But God's ways are not our ways, and it is well that I hadn't the power, for all of a sudden a heart-rending cry rang out, followed by:

"O, my Philip, is it thus I have found you? Dead! Dead!"

Then there was a commotion about the coffin, and a slight form was soon after carried hastily down the aisle. A young girl had been the actor in this strange scene, and had fallen in a faint after giving utterance to her wild cry. She had been almost the last one to gaze at Master Philip, so, with a solemn face, the undertaker stepped forward to close the lid again over the silent sleeper.

What must have been his feelings, then, to see Master Philip's dark eyes open and gaze up into his face, with a look of intense entreaty in them? With one startled glance at him, he exclaimed:

"If there is a physician here, will he please come forward? We have nearly put a live man under ground. It is a case of suspended animation."

Then the scene that followed! It beggars description!

It was so terrible, yet so joyful, when at last my young master was fully brought back to life. It was hours before he could speak, his wide-open, imploring eyes being the only sign of life for a long, anxious interval of time.

Had it not been for that piercing, heart-breaking cry, he would have surely gone down to his grave then and there in his young manhood, and no one would have ever known that he had left a wife and a baby boy to battle with the cold world. While they were working over Master Philip, others had taken the poor young girl into the vestibule, and were trying to restore her to consciousness. It was nearly as difficult a task to bring her back again to life, as it was with Master Philip. But at last she opened her eyes, and looked about her, wistfully at first and questioningly—then with a sudden recollection of what she had seen, she shivered and seemed about to go off in another faint, but just then a messenger came in hot-haste with an inquiry for her, and a request that she should be brought into the presence of the man whom her cry had aroused to life again. The dread accessories of death had been hastily removed, blankets had been sent for, and a lounge and pillow had been brought, so that the ante-chamber had been transformed for the time into the appearance of a sick-room.

Her tottering steps had to be supported, for as no one knew the relation she bore to Philip, no one had said to her "Your husband lives," so that the truth burst upon her like a flash of lightning—as sudden and overwhelming was her joy when she saw Philip, and heard him say, "I'm here, my own little Polly."

With a low, glad cry she tottered forward and threw herself upon her knees beside him.

He laid his hand upon her pretty head and turned his eyes beseechingly upon his father, who stood near watching him with a variety of feelings struggling for the mastery in his stern face. My mistress was standing by her son holding his other hand, and looking at him as though if she turned her eyes away for an instant she might lose him.

Bless her! Master Philip felt that he was sure of her forgiveness, but it was a more serious question about what his father might do.

Perhaps if he had been fully conscious of what had taken place—how he had been thought dead, and had been coffined, and had come nigh to being put under ground—he might not have felt so uneasy about his father's forgiveness. But he only knew that something strange had happened, and that he must lose no time in saying what it was upon his mind to say.

"Father," he said, feebly, "forgive me for deceiving you so long. I have been married to Polly for two years, and have been afraid to tell you. She is as good as gold, and you and mother must love her for my sake. We've got a baby, too, and he looks just like you."

There was a mighty struggle going on in my old master's breast, but natural affection drove out the old Adam, and in his joy at Philip's being spared he forgave him, and took his wife and baby into his heart, and into his house, too, where I suppose they will always stay.

The doctors say Master Philip had an attack of catalepsy, and that was why we found him stiff and cold in his bed one morning when he hadn't been sick at all the day before, but I say it was a special intervention of Providence in behalf of Polly and the baby, for Master Philip would never have dared to face his father and tell him the truth under any other circumstances.—*Mary P. Moffat, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Richard Powell's Twenty Sons.

There is a proposition on foot among the members of the Powell family in New Jersey to have a family reunion at Bakley's Run, near Blackwoodtown, Camden County, during the coming spring or summer. It was at Bakley's Run that old Richard Powell and his family, famous for its numbers, lived over a century ago. During his life Powell took great pleasure in boasting of his large family. It was his habit to remark "I have twenty sons and each one has a sister." Those to whom he used to relate this naturally asked: "What! forty children? can it be possible?" Then the old man would laughingly explain that he had twenty sons and one daughter, so each boy therefore had a sister. Eighteen of the sons were in the war of the Revolution and were noted for their bravery and good fighting qualities. Many were wounded at various times, and three of them, as far as known now by the descendants, were killed. Previous to the war the son's resided with their parents on a large farm at Bakley's Run, and aided in working the farm under the direction of their father. They are described as having been large, well-developed and strong men, and their appearance in the field was a sight well worth seeing. The daughter wandered off into the woods one day when only eight years old. She lost her way, and for three days and nights nothing was seen of her. The brothers and their friends industriously searched for the child, and when she was discovered she had lost her reason. She remained an imbecile all her life. In time the sons married. Some remained at the old homestead, while others took up residences in other parts of the State. Their descendants are now scattered all over New Jersey in large numbers.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Three professional Chinese actors arrived at San Francisco with a play which takes ten years to perform. It generally takes that time to get an American play on the stage.—*Boston Post.*

THE DAIRY.

—High feeding of cows before calving tends to milk fever. To save our best cows from death all stimulating food should be withheld for a month before calving.

—Holland has been the largest purchaser of American oleomargarine, and has used it to such an extent in adulterating its butter that the reputation of the latter is ruined.

—An American cheese bore away the prize of a silver medal at the late great cattle and dairy show at Birmingham, England. The prize cheese was one of the largest ever made, weighing three-fourths of a ton. It came from Iowa.

—In Vermont the dairy interest has been more intelligently conducted than in most other sections. The result is that the butter yield of cows has increased in the last fourteen years an average of fifty pounds per cow. This increase is nearly all clear profit, as the cost of keeping a good cow is no more than that of keeping a poor specimen.

—Here is an excellent note for a dairyman or any other man who is interested in cows. When you have a good cow, keep it; when you see a good cow, buy it; when you have a poor cow, sell it. This is warranted to be as effective and sure a way of getting rich as any of the old maxims of "Poor Richard."

The Heifer Calves.

"Where do you get your cows," we recently asked a Wisconsin dairyman. "Buy them," was the reply. "How do you supply your dairy with stock?" we asked a dairyman of Iowa. "Pick it up wherever I can find what suits me," he answered. "Do you raise any of your own stock?" we inquired of a Pennsylvania dairy firm, and they answered no, which was the answer given by an Illinois dairyman to the same inquiry. "What do you do with your calves?" we asked of all these people, and the reply of each was we sell them." Well, somebody must keep heifer calves, and as the dairy increases in magnitude the demand for heifer calves will be greater. As a usual thing this demand is not considered. The butcher gets about as many heifer as bull calves, and there appears to be a very general strange neglect to attempt to provide for a market that is steady and is increasing. And the way that heifer calves that come from milking stock are sold to the butcher is almost criminal. We know men who sell the calves of a good milking cow regularly, without the least thought of anything except to get the little money that the sale will bring. Now among our common cows it is not certain that a calf will inherit the milking qualities of the dam, but it is worth trying. We need milkers in our Eastern and the more eastern of our Western States. We cannot produce beef alone in competition with those who produce it on cheap western land. The dairy must become more and more prominent with us. As we have said several times, and as dairymen practice, we want a cow that will fill her place in the dairy, and then can be turned off at a profit. That is the only way that we can hope to make anything on our high priced land.

Dairy cows are already in demand. Not only do the professional dairymen want them, but farmers are coming to want them more and more. The keeping of cows for the sport of it is no longer popular in any quarter, except with fanciful farmers, whose cows are good but unreasonably high priced. The farmer wants a cow that will pay him for her care and the food she eats. But he does not always have her. He is beginning to look for her, however. And it is probably safe to say that at least one-half the cows in the country ought to be replaced by those which are fifty per cent. better. But where are they to come from while the butcher keeps gobbling up our heifer calves? If the dam is good for nothing, we would not keep the calf, but if the dam is a good milker, we would. At all events the increasing demand for dairy cows must be supplied by somebody, and we think that a profit can be figured out in such a business without much straining.—*Western Rural.*

Butter and Cheese.

Can any one tell what dairying is drifting to? We hear of all sorts of queer monstrosities, from lard-cheese to cotton-butter. No man knows what he eats if he buys it. Simulation is the spirit of the age and no end of science and skill is employed to deceive. A clever imitation is what men prefer to produce, and the public are led to devour. The simplicity of genuineness is out of the running, as things go in the world. The public must eat what is given them, asking no questions. The oleomargarine men have done a terrible lot of mischief, and offal is the god whom they delight to honor and exalt. At all points they aim to circumvent the dairymen and swindle the public.

The taste of the people is degraded by the sham butter and cheese which seems to be real. Men's stomachs nowadays are sepulchres for strange abominations which they ignorantly rather than innocently swallow. This sort of thing is leading them they know not whither and posterity will pay the piper. It is no longer that which cometh out of, but that which goeth into the mouth that defiles. Meats and drinks of many kinds are not what they pretend to be, and there is a good deal of "tricks that are dark" in what passes for dairy goods.

Whose fault is this? Well, in a great part the dairymen's for they have spoiled good milk. They have given an opening for the shoddy men of the dairy, who are growing rich out of offal. The law complacently lets men sell what they like, and the sham is often enough better than the real one. Shoddy sells well enough to be carefully made, and so the makers of counterfeit butter and cheese do flourish. Dairymen who make inferior butter and cheese, no matter how real the goods may be, are out of the running entirely. If only the palate of the public is suited, it matters not if the article be real or pretended, so careless dairymen can hardly "make ends meet and tie." But one thing is clear; the makers of really first-class cheese and butter can hold their own and will hold their own against the nefarious stuff that is made in any and every country. The weeding out process is going on, and goods which are mere simulations will take the place so long occupied by the true products of milk that was spoiled. If, then, the oleomargarine business, the melted tallow and other less creditable things shall result in bringing about a thorough reform in dairy methods, we shall have reason after all to be grateful to men for whom few of us entertain feelings that approach to respect or affection. But let the public have fair protection, let them know what they buy; then the dairymen will win—if they want to, and if they don't the fault is their own.—*Prof. Sheldon, in Iowa Homestead.*

Business Women.

It is estimated that in Great Britain there are 700,000 more women than men. Of these about one-third inherit means of support, and the other two-thirds must earn for themselves or depend on the earnings of those who have little to divide with them. It can be readily seen that these 700,000 women to whom marriage is impossible must have something to do with their lives, and that there will be some among them who will see clearly and advocate fearlessly the opening of new avenues for industry and success for women—that the woman movement was inevitable.

The preponderance of women over men in the United States is not so large as it is in Great Britain, though in some States the proportion of the sexes is about the same here as there, and in these States the same questions that agitate the British female mind agitate the American female mind. No one pretends to say or to think that a happy marriage is not the happiest lot of woman, or that she was not born for domestic life. But where there are not men enough to make marriage possible, those women who do not find husbands must find another career than that of wife and mother. The inventions of men in behalf of woman have removed from feminine hands the great processes of manufacture, and machinery does better and more cheaply than human muscle the heavy work that was formerly done in the family. The maiden sister, once so valuable a member of the family, finds her hands idle and empty, and lest her mind and heart become so, she must have something adequate to occupy mind and heart and hands nobly and fully. This is the whole secret of the woman movement, and wherever in any enlightened community there is a preponderance of women over men this movement must manifest itself until women have a chance to make for themselves such careers as they are capable of making.

There is a class of men and women who are not made for marriage, but where the sexes are equal in number in any State this class does not disturb the balance of society, its members finding easily enough congenial occupation.

Many women who are naturally inclined to domestic life, fear to enter upon a business career lest it injure their chances of marriage. A member of the British Parliament, speaking of this phase of the subject, gave it as the result of his observation that business women had better chances in marriage than their sisters not in business. They had a wider outlook, a larger acquaintance with, and a better knowledge of men, and not being influenced by the desire of being supported by a husband, they were able to choose with more judgment and discrimination, and hence rarely made shipwreck in their married lives.

The opening to women of the avenues of industry until within a few years monopolized by men has not been followed by any assertion anywhere that women have become less womanly, less feminine, that they have been robbed in any way of those charms that are deemed exclusively theirs. On the other hand it is admitted that they have been greatly benefited every way by their enlarged opportunities. There is nothing strange in this. The work partakes always of the character of the worker, and good work like fine character is of no sex. Though there are many businesses for which women are by nature unfit and unsuitable, yet there is scarcely any business in which they may not become the helpers of men. In every department of science, from astronomy down, in every department of art and of industry, we find women doing excellent work, and fitting themselves to do still better work when admitted to branches of industry now not open to them.

It is granted on all sides that the association of women with men in the business of life has been productive of only good to men. Those in charge of colleges where the co-education of the sexes is permitted, with scarcely a dissenting voice, agree that the presence of women in college life refines, restrains, and improves young men, and far from lowering the standard of intellectual attainment, the cases are numerous where the highest prizes of merit have been awarded to women.

The training of a business education is invaluable to every woman who receives it. She becomes wider in her apprehension, larger in her sympathies, firmer in her convictions, and capable of grappling with the problems and the labors of life. Her patience, her endurance, her staying qualities, are strengthened, and her confidence in herself established. Called to domestic life after such a training, as many women have been, she proves by practical demonstration that her experiences have rendered her more capable of performing with efficiency and perfectness the duties of her position.

The time is not far distant when the majority of girls will look forward as boys now do to some special occupation as a means of certain livelihood, so that they shall be independent of the mutations of fortune, and sure of a life of honorable industry and independence.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Likeness of Animals and Men.

The miser has his prototype in the rodents, whose two narrow, gnawing teeth are eternally reproduced in humanity. The proud peculiarity of the strong graybeards is to look like a lion—and Longfellow had that distinction. Christopher North looked like a noble mastiff; but other men have a more ludicrous resemblance to dogs of an inferior breed. A much-whiskered individual, driving in a Victoria down town, with his Scotch terrier, asked a witty lady what she thought of them. "Why," said she, "I thought you were beside yourself!" A man of the Dundreary type can look very much like a terrier. The bulldog finds his manly prototype in Bill Sykes, and we have all seen slender, greyhound-looking men, and little, mean, ferret faces on the lookout for game. Men of sardonic temper and smooth outlines, who are wise enough to wear a white, straight mustache, have a grand resemblance to a bengal tiger. They look cruel, but it is a handsome, strong cruelty. No one can help respecting a Bengal tiger, although his traits are scarcely amiable. All types of the dog are represented in man, and who has not seen women resembling sheep?—*Chicago Express.*

—A Russian grave-digger heard groans issuing from a new-made grave. Instead of immediately disinterring the groaner, he rushed off to the priest, upon whose sole authority, he thought, such a resurrection could have been made. The priest refused upon the ground that the police must first be informed. Five hours were wasted in such proceedings, and then the coffin was dug up. It was found that the unfortunate occupant had turned over in his coffin, and in his agony had torn out his hair and worn out his finger-nails in his efforts to release himself. The wife brought suit against the priest for heavy damages.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The use of instrumental music in church worship is increasing in England.

—Yale, Harvard, Williams and Amherst colleges were liberally remembered in the will of the late Henry L. Morgan, of New York.

—The *Christian Union* says: "It is more difficult to live the twenty-fourth psalm than to sing the twenty-third, and it is just as religious."

—The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A Lancaster school teacher whipped a boy for swearing during school hours, for which he cursed her to her face, and she whipped him again. A school marm like that deserves a husband.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—During the twenty years' pastorate of Rev. Edward Crosby at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, 2,000 persons have united with the church on confession of faith, and many more letters from other churches.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Fall River, Mass., ought to be most grateful to Mrs. Mary B. Young. She has just presented the corporation with a lot valued at $40,000, and is to build thereon a high school. She proposes also to furnish the structure and provide mechanical, philosophical and chemical apparatus. Finally she is to present the corporation with an endowment fund of $50,000. It is thought that the building, which is to be a memorial to Mrs. Young's deceased son, will cost $300,000.—*Boston Post.*

—A committee to plan an industrial school at Springfield, Mass., have decided to teach the rudiments of trades, and not to turn out finished mechanics. The desire is to give the boy a knowledge that will enable him to choose a pursuit for which he recognizes his own adaptability, so that three or four years of his life may not be wasted after he leaves school in trying to determine how he will earn his living, and finally drifting through ignorance and necessity into work where manual labor, not brains, is needed.

—"In our humble judgment," says the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Courier*, "there is rather too little than too much memorizing in American education, or it may be the memorizing is in the wrong direction; for important things cannot be too well learned. Let us close with a practical illustration of the value of formulas learned in childhood. Which one of our readers could answer out of hand if we asked him how many days there are in the month of March? And which one of them would fail to recall the old rhyme which he learned when studying arithmetic?

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November, etc."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Poor fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no damage. It's living in poverty that puts the thumbscrew on a fellow."

—Three thousand two hundred and fifty fancy names for as many brands of flour have been copyrighted up to date, but not one man in fifty can tell whether his biscuits are made of "The Highland Rose" or "The Matron's Pride."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There are in New York one thousand rag-pickers who are making money so fast that their grand-daughters will doubtless be leaders of society, while their grand-sons will refuse to associate with people who are "in trade."—*Philadelphia News.*

—A college paper claims that writing college songs seems to be a lost art and complains greatly thereat. If it could be definitely ascertained that no more such songs as "Bingo," "Saw My Leg Off" "Cocachelunk" would ever be written many hesitating parents would pack their sons off to college instanter.—*Puck.*

—A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the First Lieutenant. "Wretch," said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the dickens did you come from?" "Ah, sure, I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."—*N. Y. News.*

—Rival artists—Dupin was sitting at the opera next to a gentleman who was incessantly humming a tune in his ears and he began to show symptoms of impatience. "What is the matter, sir? You don't seem pleased." "Not I am mad against that scamp of a Dupres (the actor), as he prevents my listening to you."—*Figaro.*

—A Hoboken woman says her husband has beaten her regularly once a week for twenty years. Too many married men are overworked in this world, and if they don't get a rest in the next it will be pretty tough. A man who has beaten his wife over one thousand times is certainly entitled to a holiday—in jail.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Frank H. Norton, a young scientist of New York, claims to have discovered a number of new laws relating to planets. This is a gratifying piece of intelligence. The old laws relating to planets are pretty well worn and frayed at the edges and it is quite time some new one's more in spirit with the progress of the nineteenth century, were adopted for their government. It is hoped Mr. Norton will be able to enforce his new laws.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The discipline of the German army is almost, if not quite, perfect. It is never relaxed under any circumstances. A Captain and a Lieutenant were on the deck of a steamship out at sea for the first time. "How do you feel, Lieutenant?" asked the Captain. "Very sick, Captain." "Why don't you use a basin?" asked the Captain. "I would have done so long ago, Captain, but I was waiting for you to be sick first. I would be court martialed if I were to take precedence of my ranking officer. Will you be pleased to be sick first, Captain?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A Tough Story.

The Elko (Nev.) *Independent* has this tough story: A report reached here soon after the Chinamen who were so tearfully frozen at Montello were taken west that the chiefs of the company to which they belonged, on beholding their pitiable condition, had them at once put to death, and from a reliable source it is now ascertained that the statement then made was literally true. It will be remembered that the Chinese at the station-house, some five in number, were bound by the robbers, and after the latter had left the Chinese in their fright, ran from the house, and wandering about in the snow all night, froze their feet and legs in a shocking manner. The poor devils were sent by train to San Francisco and delivered over to their company, by whom they were "humanely" put out of their misery.

Losing Three Bets.

A tipsy fellow in a Yreka, California, saloon walked up to a big burly miner one night, and, without saying a word, pulled the miner's nose. The miner resented the insult by curling the little fellow up under a billiard table by a blow from his sledge-hammer fist. He came from under the table with a broad grin on his face and his aquiline nose slightly out of plumb, remarking: "That was the first time I ever viewed a billiard table from that position." In about five minutes he walked up to the miner and pulled his nose the second time. The miner's arm shot out like lightning and the nose-puller was wafted over a card table against a red-hot stove. When he regained his feet he winked with the eye that wasn't hurt, and said: "That was a regular bumgstarter." The third time he pulled the miner's nose they had to throw water in his face to bring him to his senses, if he had any.

Shortly after the little fellow's departure, Colonel Stone came into the saloon, looking as solemn as though he had lost a wife or a hot toddy. The Colonel parted his coat-tail deliberately before the stove and asked whether there had been a fight there. He was informed of the fracas that had just occurred and the mysterious actions of the little fellow who insisted upon keeping other people's noses clean were soon made clear by the Colonel in this brief manner:

"Last Monday," said the Colonel, "a seedy little customer claiming to belong on the Klamath reservation applied to me for a situation as hostler. All he wanted was his board, mind you, and he has been with me three days, and is one hundred and fifty dollars ahead of me. The first day one of the horses was taken lame, and he said he wanted some XXX horse liniment to put on the animal's limb. At the time I was standing in the stable door, and he was washing the buggy in the alley. I told him there was a bottle of liniment above the granary door. He said there wasn't a drop of liniment in the stable. I glanced around and saw the bottle that I had placed above the door just the day before he commenced work. It was half full. I told him so. Then he commenced to get angry, and said he guessed he knew what was around the stable and what was not, and he'd bet fifty dollars there wasn't any horse liniment in the stable. Thinks I to myself, I'll take the conceit out of that smart Aleck, and I put fifty dollars in sight, and he covered it. I got down the bottle. It was empty. The cussed fool had painted the lower half of it black. He said that he always painted stable bottles that way, and he pocketed the coin. He had used all the liniment that morning.

"Yesterday afternoon I went out to the stable and found the hostler looking intently at two pigeons on the roof. I asked him whether those pigeons had any particular fascination for him. He said they hadn't, only he was wondering which would fly first. We gazed at them about a minute, when he said that he would bet fifty dollars that the one on the north end of the barn would fly first. I took him up, knowing it was no horse medicine bet, as I stood as good a chance of winning as he did. The stakes were no sooner laid on the fence-post than his pigeon flew. I left immediately for home, madder than a wet hen, and just one hundred dollars out of pocket on the philanthropic hostler who worked for his board.

"I got to studying the matter over, and I went back to the stable. The philanthropist was not to be seen about the premises. I climbed up in the hay mow. One look at the hole in the roof, and a string dangling from the rafters with a few pigeon feathers on it satisfied me that I had taken another dose of horse medicine. This evening, when I went to the barn I found the new hostler looking very gloomy. He looked as though his conscience was troubling him, and I thought he would lighten his burden of remorse by giving me back the money he had swindled me out of.

"Says I, 'Zack, what's the matter?'

"'I feel as though something dreadful was going to happen to me, and it will be sure to strike before morning.'

"I really felt sorry for the fellow, and tried to cheer him up.

"'It's no use, Colonel. I'll bet fifty dollars that I get knocked down three times before morning, and perhaps something worse.'

"I says: 'Put up your coin,' and as he deposited two twenties and a ten in the hands of Bill Sykes, who happened to be passing by, he looked more cheerful.

"I commenced to think the fellow had a mania for betting and hardly knew what he was about. I knew that he was a very peaceable fellow, having seen him take all manner of insults from the rounders when he first struck the town.

"Well, I guess you fellows know the rest. I just met Sykes a few minutes ago, and he said he had just turned over the stakes to Zack on the strength of a dislocated neck, a black eye and a two-inch cut on his forehead. To-morrow Zack will get his papers. I'm down on cheap labor, anyhow. Come up, boys, and take a small libation with me."—*Galveston News.*

In Search of an Alibi.

He was a lawyer and came home from the lodge in the gray dawn of morning and found the bosom of his family clothed and in her right mind.

"Charlie," said she, on faintly returning a proffered kiss, "you have spent another night of carousal and dissipation."

"Why do you say that, my dear?"

"Because your breath smells horrid with whisky."

"But, my dear, don't you know you would be ruled out of court on a single point of circumstantial evidence like that? You ought to have a concatenation of cumulative facts and illative circumstances that would establish your charge irrefragibly. As it is, what you allege is a mere supposition that will not hold water a minute."

Then the fires of practical logic blazed out of her black eyes, and seizing a dipper she exclaimed: "Here is something that will hold water, I reckon," and as she plunged the argument into a kettle of boiling water, Charles struck out vigorously for the gate in quest of an alibi.—*Toledo American.*

—The researches of modern astronomers have shown that outside the round globe of the sun, as we see it, there is an enormous envelope of matter, greatly exceeding in bulk the visible sun and intimately connected with it. What the constitution of this great envelope of the sun is, how far it extends earthward, how it is affected by outbursts in the visible globe of the sun, and what part it plays in the sun's influence upon his family of worlds, are questions to which science is intently seeking answers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In Toronto, Canada, on a recent Sunday evening, forty-seven pastors of different denominations exchanged pulpits.

The Earthquake Sensation.

All who have related from actual experience how an earthquake feels, agree in describing the sensation as one of peculiar sickening fright and despair, as if the bottom had fallen out of the world and the whole universe was going to pieces. In "Travels in Peru and Mexico," the writer gives Juan Romero's story of a recent *terremoto* in the equatorial Sierras, from which he and his cattle were sufferers.

"At the first warning rumble in the ground, [illegible] and his family and his workmen [illegible] their occupations and ran [illegible] the middle of an open field. [illegible] we reached this," he says, "the earth trembled violently beneath our feet and we were all thrown to the ground.

We were all, however, soon on our feet again, and [illegible] position of comparative safety [illegible] the effects of the earthquake upon the animals. These all stood motionless with their legs stretched out and their heads bent down almost to the ground, one or two of the cattle moaning.

"A second shock was very different. During the first one we seemed to be drawn or pushed from side to side; but now we felt, for a minute or more as if some weight were pressing us to the ground, and immediately after this as light as if we were all ascending into the air, showing that the shock was in the first case horizontal, and in the second in a perpendicular direction."

Of his own feelings, Mr. Romero said that he experienced a kind of terror hard to describe. "My first sensations were a dread that the earth was about to open and bury everything within its bosom. But what I felt after this was not like the fear of death which I have experienced in other cases. I have faced the bayonet and stood before the cannon's mouth, and I cannot say altogether without fear of human enemies who, one might suppose, experienced the same unpleasant sensations as oneself. The prospect of death, however, is generally accompanied by hopes of the future; but during an earthquake the reason is subdued and my predominant feeling was that we were utterly lost. It seemed as if all nature was about to expire; and for an hour or two after the shocks there was the same appearance of dread among the whole party.

"Even the beasts stood for some time in the position which they had taken during the shocks, and required patting and reassuring before they would move."

Fixing the Door.

There was a crack under the kitchen door—a crevice large enough for one to put a hand under—and early in November Mrs. Crispo began saying

"Now, Crispo, don't let this day pass without nailing down a cleat to stop that crevice. It will let in more cold this winter than two tons of coal can drive out."

And Crispo began replying:

"Certainly, my dear—certainly. That crevice shall be stopped this very day."

On fifteen different occasions in November she reminded him of the fact that he had forgotten the crevice. In December the number of occasions was twenty. During the month of January she spoke of it twenty-two times. In February she began referring to the matter at each meal, and the other day she nailed him down with the remark:

"Crispo, I am going down town, and I'll stop on my way and ask a carpenter to come up and fix that door."

"I'll fix it."

"No you won't! You just let it alone. I'll have a carpenter here before night, and that door will be fixed."

"I say I'll fix it myself—right away—now," and in five minutes he had saw and hammer and cleat and was at the job.

Mrs. Crispo went off chuckling over her victory, and upon her return her husband said:

"Well, the old crevice is shut up."

"You fixed it, eh?"

"Fixed it better than any carpenter you could have sent up, and in ten minutes, too. Come and see."

She took one look at his work and then sat down and whispered:

"Crispo, you just missed it by a hair's breadth."

"What?"

"Being born a fool! You have nailed the cleat to the floor inside the door!"

So he had. He had shut the crevice and the door, too, and when he came to realize it he walked slowly out into the back yard and tried to saw his head off on the clothes line.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pathetic Incident.

Mr. E. L. Wakeman, in a letter to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, relates the following which is strictly true:

"A most pathetic and remarkable incident in connection with the death this week in Quincy of Samuel J. Medill, late managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, has been related to your correspondent by his brother-in-law, Mr. James D. Carson, at present General Manager of the Union Depot Company at Kansas City. Mr. Medill had owned a small, shaggy pet dog of which he was extremely fond, but the care of which had been so great a burden to him in his condition of health that he had given it to a friend near Quincy last fall. The animal had seemed at times restless, but ordinarily well contented in his new home. Of late it had apparently been especially well domiciled and happy. Early in the morning of the day of Mr. Medill's death the dog suddenly disappeared from its home. At about six o'clock a. m. the dog appeared at the residence of Mr. J. B. Carson, three miles distant, where Mr. Medill was already dying. It howled piteously about the place until admitted, and instantly with some unexplainable and marvelous instinct, dashed upstairs to Mr. Medill's room, bounded upon the bed, and covered its dying master with its loyal caresses. It is stated that Mr. Medill, although already at times almost unconscious, gave recognition to the occurrence, and seemed to realize its surprising impressiveness."

—Among the curious things which some St. Louisans want to do on wagers are: To eat a soda cracker in half a minute, to eat thirty Wiennerwursts per day for thirty consecutive days, to consume more bananas in a given time than any other man can eat, to eat six large pig's feet in one hour and a half, to eat one goose per day for fifteen consecutive days, the goose not to be over forty years old.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A New York man who got suddenly rich and bought a nice place in the country, purchased a goat and let it roam through his park because it was a funny animal to have about. It proved so. The day sixteen swell guests arrived to see him the goat butted him seven times around the house and then through a window, while all the party looked on and laughed.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Gourmand's Free Dinner.

A good story is told of a notable gastronomic performance in a New York hotel. One day when Gottlieb Scherer, a noted gourmand, of this city, was boasting of his ability to eat more at a meal than any other man alive, an acquaintance remarked that his was a poor talent any way, as it would never be the means of making or saving him a dollar. Gottlieb retaliated by offering to make a bet that his ability in the eating line would enable him to dine himself and three friends sumptuously and free of expense at any hotel where he was unknown. The bet was accepted, and Gottlieb and his friends went on to New York to decide the wager. On reaching Gotham the party proceeded to a well-known up-town restaurant. Gottlieb's imposing appearance at once captured the worthy caterer, and when the stranger ordered a dinner of four courses, [illegible] only obtainable [illegible] year with great difficulty and at considerable expense, he thought that he was in the presence of a *bon vivant*, and assured his bulky customer that nothing should be wanting on his part to make the dinner a success.

"You gentlemen find the appetite," said the restaurateur, "and I will undertake that the dinner shall be a success." "All right, dinner at six, sharp. Gottlieb, as he and his friends were leaving. "O, by the by, landlord," he added, "my friends are by no means gluttons, but don't forget to put enough on the table for four hungry men." "Never fear," said mine host, "I don't starve my guests." "Well, all right, but if you don't give us a sufficiency of birds and terrapin to go round, I'll be hanged if I pay the bill." "If I don't I won't ask you for a cent," said mine host, falling headlong into the skillfully laid trap.

At six, to the minute, Gottlieb and his party were on hand. The soup made its appearance. It was a puree of a peculiar kind, and, like the rest of the dinner, had been specially prepared. The tureen contained about three pints. "Bring me a two-quart basin," waiter," said Gottlieb. When the astonished man put the bowl before him, Scherer emptied the contents of the soup tureen into it and, to the horror of the waiter, leisurely swallowed all of it. Then he drew a deep breath and inquired of the waiter: "Where is the soup of my friends? My portion was good, very good. I never let my guests take anything that I do not first taste to see that it is perfect of its kind. Now bring their portion; come, quick." The waiter fled him to the cook, whom he found discussing, with evident gusto, the teaspoonful or so that had remained in the bottom of the pot. Returning to Gottlieb's party he told them that every drop of the soup was gone. "What, you call this a sufficiency for four hearty men?" said Scherer. "Bah! But come, bring on the fish." Smelts, boned and stuffed with tiny crabs previously boiled in champagne, was the next epicurean dish included in the menu. Sixteen fish, four for each guest, lay temptingly arranged upon the dish as the knight of the napkin set it down in front of the founder of the feast. Gottlieb gravely shovelled the lot on to his plate and proceeded to devour them in silence.

The waiter, too dumbfounded to speak, looked on at the performance with mingled astonishment and dismay. "Where, again, is the portion of my friends?" asked Scherer, as he washed down the last remnant of the sixteenth smelt with a liberal libation of dry sherry. Again the waiter went to the cook and again he returned with the same story, that the supply of smelts was exhausted. "Bring the landlord at once," said Gottlieb; "this is disgraceful; but stay, before that bring the next course." It came, and was followed a little later by mine host with an anxious look upon his face. His strange customer was just swallowing the last mouthful and his friends sat disconsolate with empty plates before them. "You have disappointed me much, sir," said Gottlieb; "we are now in our third course, and I, even I, who have eaten everything the waiter has put upon the table, am not satisfied, while my friends, as yet, have not broken their fast."

One by one the guests had arisen from their seats, and a ring two deep was formed round the table at which the Philadelphians, or at least one of the party, was dining. "You remember the terms on which you have served this dinner," Gottlieb continued; "if there was not enough to go around I was not to be charged one cent. I give your own words. Bring in the remainder of the menu. I can and will eat it until the last morsel. Know, gentlemen," said the speaker, bowing with dignity to the little crowd, as his vast chest swelled with conscious pride, "that I am Gottlieb Scherer, of Philadelphia, and by the name of George Washington, I swear that I am the greatest eater in the United States." The restaurateur was a wise man; he acknowledged that he made no claim on Gottlieb for payment, and ordered the waiter to serve the remainder of the dinner.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Ned, the Children's Dog.

Everybody in Midway, Ky., knows old "Ned," the children's dog. He formerly belonged to the late Mrs. Margaret Buford, but as there were no children at her house he came to town and took up his abode at Mr. S. N. Roger's. He goes to school with the children every morning and remains there all day. When they go out to play he goes, too, and is quite expert at catching a ball; indeed, in a game, he takes the place of a child. When the bell rings he is the first to run into the school-house, and when the classes are called up to recite he takes his place in line at the foot. After the child next above him has recited, he answers the next question by an intelligent bark and bow of the head. Should a question be missed by the child at the foot of the class and passed to the next by the teacher, "Ned" will answer it in his peculiar way. Spelling seems to be his favorite branch of study, his answers in that being exceedingly quick and vigorous. Although he turns the children down, after his fashion, he never goes above them. He will fight for any of the pupils, as well as teachers, and could not be induced to stay where there are no children.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

An English traveler, on the American's love for the greenback, says: "Since the year 1861 they hardly care about handling silver dollars and quarters. A friendly telegraph clerk in 1880, in Chicago, in handing me a gold twenty-dollar piece (about as handsome a coin as can be met with anywhere) as 'change out' for a telegram to Europe, apologized for troubling me with what he called 'this truck' (rubbish) instead of giving me a roll of paper."

William Clark, ex-Consul to Italy, proposes the schema of an American school in Florence for the education of American girls abroad.

THE HICKMAN COURIER

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What Circumstances Make Us.

We know men to-day who owe all their success and fame to chance—to circumstance—who are shallow as summer brooks, yet who have become adepts in the art of self-aggrandizement and who appear deep; men who are absolutely silly, who have the knack of appearing profound because they have also the wit to remain silent; men who sprang from the canaille, yet who are lords (in the land of lords) according to the old maxim, "Virtute officii." We have seen circumstance do for a man what lineage and intellect could not do, and it was always "backed" by money or an adaptability to bribery. In this age circumstance is everything, and blood and brains and energy against money and circumstance means simply—Nix. It is circumstance that makes the gentleman refined, elegant and courtly. It is circumstance that makes the clown coarse, rough and insolent. It is circumstance that makes of two women—creatures—with similar characteristics, as opposite as the poles—the one a fine lady, the other a day laborer. It is circumstance that saves the rich man who embezzles from going to the penitentiary, or the man who breaks with full coffers from being called a thief. It is circumstance that drives a poor man to jail for stealing a bag of corn when his wife and children are starving and he can find no work, and lionizes the man who belongs to the whisky ring or who draws back pay or stands on the lucky side of the Star-routers.—[Commercial.

Never was anything truer. Circumstance is the current that bears us on, and surrounds us with what we are. No man or woman, no matter what their talent, courage or resolution, can escape the clutch of circumstance. We have known men of the finest talent and indomitable courage, buried in obscurity, while men much their inferiors were dazzling the community by their prominence. We have known men called from obscurity by some drift of circumstances who had been classed by the few who knew them as dolts, sluggards and vagrants, to prove themselves capable of commanding and directing the greatest success. Men who are successes are usually vain enough to believe that their success is attributable altogether to some strong or brilliant parts peculiar to themselves, and that they made the circumstances. Outsiders know better. No man, no matter, what his ability, ever reached success unaided by circumstances, and yet it is equally true that circumstances never made a success of any man without the ability to grapple the situation. Men of small minds, narrow minds, coarse minds even, can make success where their superiors in all characteristics would fail, but in every instance the one who succeeds will be found to possess some rare, peculiar characteristics that enabled him to take advantage so to speak of the circumstances surrounding.

The Retail Sale of Tobacco by Farmers.

The provisions of the new Internal Revenue and Tariff law in regard to farmers selling, by retail, tobacco of their own production, are given as follows:

"Sec. 2. *Provided, that farmers and producers of tobacco may sell at the place of production tobacco of their own growth and raising at retail directly to consumers, to an amount not exceeding one hundred dollars annually.

"Sec. 3. That hereafter the special tax of a dealer in manufactured tobacco shall not be required from any farmer, planter or lumberman who furnishes such tobacco as rations or supplies to his laborers or employes in the same manner as other supplies are furnished by him to them: Provided That the aggregate of the supplies of tobacco so by him furnished shall not exceed in quantity one hundred pounds in any one special tax year, that is from the first day of May in any year until the thirtieth day of April in the next year: And provided further, That such farmer, planter or lumberman shall not be, at the time he is furnishing such supplies, engaged in the general business of selling dry goods, groceries, or other similar supplies in the manner of a merchant or storekeeper to others than his own employes or laborers."

A CURIOUS CALF.

Glasgow Times.]

Mr. Tom Atkinson's cow takes the rag off the bush for a curiosity in the way of a calf. It is about a week old, large and well developed, and "gayly as a gal," but it is perfectly naked, not having a particle of hair on any part of its body, except a very fine fur from the knees down. Its face and jaws are chalky white, the rest of its skin red, and its tail is like an opossum's. Mr. Atkinson says when it gets to leeward it shivers like a baby crying, and when it lies down at night he covers it with fodder to keep it from freezing. Mr. Atkinson says he would have a suit made for it, but is afraid it would be disowned by its mother if he undertakes to hide what she has labored to make interesting.

Officials Under a Cloud.

The unseemly spectacle is seen in Washington of two prominent officials of the Government under charges for dishonest administration of their respective duties. The Chief of the Weather Bureau, a bureau of growing importance to the public, is to be summoned before a special court of inquiry, and Supervising Architect Hill has become the object of charges which are said to be assuming serious shape, and which are now in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury.

During the public demoralization for the ten years following the war—the reconstruction period—the people were subjected to so much peculation, and other forms of rascality at Washington that the dishonesty of officials became fairly to be accepted as one of the inseparables of official life, but the rugged love of decency among the people rose up in the end and official life was in a measure purified. These instances may be the scattering shot of the retreating army of delinquents, but they are annoying and we would like to see some decisive action taken to hasten them into a deserved obscurity. If these men are not crooked, let us have the truth immediately, and if they are, still let us have the truth.

WE-U-SABE LIKE YE-UNS.

Once and awhile in our town on Saturday evenings we have company more promiscuous than select. Some men are very valiant, especially when in liquor, but like many other valiant men are more valiant in peace than in war. They are Sampsons in a fight, but like Sampson they battle with that description weapon which so scattered the Philistine hosts—jaw bone—one of which nature has furnished them. They are prodigal in the jaw and wind work of a fight and can out swear "our army in Flanders." If some of them were arrested and fined for using language calculated to provoke a fight so that they would be more careful.

Col. George M. Edgar, of Bowling Green, announces himself as a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the action of the Democratic State Convention. He made a strong race for the position four years ago, and is well qualified for the place.

SHALL WE HAVE ONE?

A Building and Loan Association at Hickman.

Their Beneficial Effect Elsewhere.

Building and Loan Associations are justly termed the "poor man's statute." Years ago Hickman obtained an Act, but failed to operate under it. Shall we have one now? As illustrative of their beneficial effect we print the following

In the year 1872, when Sedalia was a young and unimportant village, a few courageous and enterprising business men conceived the idea of organizing a

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

to aid men of limited capital to procure homes for their wives and children.

Sedalia at that time had many rivals, which these enterprising men viewed formidable ones. Warrensburg, Clinton, Marshall and Boonville were each holding out every inducement to the general public to locate within their limits, and for a few years it was a question of much doubt as to which of these villages would gain the ascendancy, and grow to the dimensions of a city.

Since 1872 Sedalia has increased in population until we now have

SIXTEEN THOUSAND INHABITANTS,

and in point of beauty the place is not excelled by any inland city in the West. Year after year her growth has been constant. Through all seasons, both hot and cold—through panics and short crops—new buildings could be seen in all directions in process of construction until her limits have been extended in all quarters. The question is asked by some our own citizens, "why have we prospered so, and how have these people procured homes?"

The Dispatch will try to partially answer this question. It is through the seven building and loan associations that have been organized since 1872. It is an easy matter to roughly estimate how many homes have been erected and paid for in these associations.

The first association of the character organized with a capital stock of	$[illegible]
The second	[illegible]
The third	[illegible]
The fourth	[illegible]
The fifth	[illegible]
The sixth	[illegible]
The seventh	[illegible]

Making a grand total of $1,650,000. Estimating that each house cost $1,000, which is a very large average, would give 1,650 homes that have been erected in nine years. Some of these organizations have dissolved by operation of law, after fulfilling the objects and purposes for which they were organized and created, and have in every instance satisfied in every respect its members and shareholders, while some are still at work.

The great benefit of such organizations is that they afford an opportunity to the poor man of procuring a permanent home for his family, and allow him to borrow money and repay it in such a manner as to his reach.

Few men have the courage or the ability to borrow money sufficient to erect a home, or to repay such an amount at a stated time after they have procured it. But any one can by economy and industry, save a small amount each month, and if permitted at such times to pay upon his indebtedness, can in the course of years liquidate a large indebtedness. This privilege is only granted by building and loan associations.

The statutes creating such corporations have so directed their course and manner of operation, and so just must every act of the same be, that it has been properly named, "the poor man's statute."

It is needless to enter into any lengthy detailed statement of the manner of this operation, as the most of our shrewdest bankers, merchants, laborers and mechanics have, by personal experience, seen its working in every detail.

It is easier to borrow money from a building and loan association than to pay rent. In proof of this assertion, the following is submitted:

It is a fact that a house that costs $500 to erect, cannot be rented for less than $8.50 to $15 per month. Estimating the cost of the lot at $100, makes a total cost of $600. Five hundred dollars can be borrowed from an association at a cost of $3 per month dues and $3 per month interest, making a total of $6 per month, and the borrower receives a credit of $3 per month, the amount of his dues, which only leave $3 per month, his total rent, making a difference of four or five dollars per month saving, to say nothing of the comfort and privilege of living in ones own house and home.

Another important fact is worth mentioning. Out of the twenty five hundred deeds of trusts taken by the building associations of Sedalia, not one has been foreclosed."

LEGISLATIVE.

From the Columbus Herald.]

The Hickman Courier in speaking of the coming Legislative contest in this District, says the issues can about be summed up under the following heads: —A better road system; Improvement of the free schools, and prohibition of the whisky traffic. The Courier says further that the "Turner and anti-Turner" proclivities of candidates is most likely to be taken into consideration, and will form an under-current of no little weight in the race. The Courier also mentions as the probable candidates the following gentlemen: For the Senate: Capt. Elmore and Mr Henty, of Graves; Mr. Vaughan, of Hickman county; Messrs. Walker and Luten, of Fulton county. For the Lower House; Judge Gid Bicford and Mr. W. M. Samuels, of this county, and Mr. Tom Gleason, of Fulton county.

As to those issues first enumerated we have at present very little to say. We favor a thorough airing of both the first mentioned, and are perfectly willing to hear an expression from the people upon the last. The liquor question is a troublesome one to meddle with, and we would advise prospective candidates to perfectly understand their own views upon it before mounting the rostrum to discuss it before an audience that is sure to be composed of three classes of men, to-wit: Those who favor prohibition; those who are open to conviction; and those who are "dead agin" such a measure. We would advise candidates further not to jump at any rash conclusions in regard to this very important question, for there has not been a total revolution in favor of Prohibition, and, furthermore, even the stoutest advocates of "free drinking" are not wholly beyond the powers of persuasion, and are generally men who can appreciate a good point when aptly made.

As to the Turner influence in the race, as referred to by the Courier, having for years been an energetic advocate of and rejoicer in the election of Mr. Turner, we wish to state our views and feelings in this instance.

If whether a candidate has been in the habit of voting for or against Mr. Turner, is to be brought into this race, we are truly sorry, and shall do all in our power to strangle such a ridiculous issue. Every man has the God-given privilege of free thought, and an open avowal of such thought, whether through the medium of a vote or otherwise, is in itself deserving of respect and endorsement.

We trust this "Turner" issue will not come into the race, as predicted by our contemporary, for, as stated by the Courier, the result of it will anything but tend to harmonize the already bad enough distorted party.

Any one of the gentlemen whose names are mentioned would make us a good representative, and for the present we will give no special preference to any of them in these columns. Should occasion require, however, we will choose between them, and fight determinedly for our man.

"Sweet" on Knott.

The Sunbeam says we are "sweet" on Knott. If that means that we think Knott the most suitable man in the State for Governor and that we are for him against all comers we plead guilty. At the present crisis, we regard him as the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely as a prospective Governor.—[Hartford Herald.

IRISH AGITATORS.

What Leading Agitators Think of the Great Explosion in London.

A New York reporter saw Patrick Egan and asked him what he thought of the attempt to blow up the Government offices in London.

"There is no people under the sun," said Egan, "so subject to panic as the English people. Have a common explosion of gas pipe or something similar occurs in a set of offices as it might anywhere, but just because they are Government offices the cry is raised, 'Oh it is dynamite.' Later they turn into the Irish dynamite, and it is Ireland, of course. I dare say if Sheridan had been there, they would have put him down as connected with it."

"Do you suppose the Land League funds paid for this new outrage?"

"Why do they attach any political significance at all? If it were the House of Parliament one might understand it; but these are merely Government offices, which are nearly 300 yards away, with a block of buildings between. Now, what policy can there be in an office explosion?"

"Then you do not connect it with disturbances of any sort?"

"With our present information we can say or think nothing about it. We can discount the rumor that is all, and I am inclined to think the first report of its being a mere explosion of gas is a correct one.

O'Donovan Rossa was asked to-day whether the explosion in London was caused by dynamite or accidental explosion of gas. He answered that we could not follow out our system unless we used dynamite, and that is what has caused the explosion. There was no accident about it.

"Do you think it was intended to destroy the building only, or kill those within?"

"It was intended to do all the damage possible, and was done to show England she had better give Ireland her own parliament. England is at war with Ireland and Ireland should be at war with England."

Rossa showed the following dispatch from Boston:

I congratulate you on the news from London this morning. I can collect money now in Boston. JOHN D. DRISCOLL.

Rossa said he had received to day, offers of money, and he can obtain all that was needed. In answer to the question as to what would next be done, he showed a letter advising him to publish in his paper a declaration of war on England signed by representative Irishmen. When that was done, it could not be claimed that their actions were dishonorable. As for weapons all available ones should be used. This, he said, was his answer.

Patrick J. Sheridan, whose extradition for England has been requested, said: "The work is that of Irishmen and is but the advance picket. Much more will follow. England will shortly see she must free Ireland or suffer the consequences."

The situation is one full of despair for the poor English farmer. For eight consecutive years the crop has been either a partial or total failure, and here in the ninth year but three fair days have been vouchsafed in the past ninety; no winter wheat has been sown, spring wheat never pays, and in many regions miles and miles of land are under water. And to add desperation to misfortune, the inexorable landowner demands every penny of the usual rental. Our American farmers should count themselves happy in the light of such a picture.

A Session of the Supreme Court.

[E. V. Smalley.]

When twelve o'clock comes, there are perhaps a dozen lawyers sitting at the tables within the bar, and a score of spectators waiting on the crimson plush sofas for the court to open. A rustle of silk is heard from the open door leading to the retiring-rooms. At the other side of the chamber sits a young man at a desk who had been listening for a few minutes for that sound. He rises and announces in a clear voice: "The Honorable the Chief Justice and Associate-Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States," whereupon lawyers and spectators all get upon their feet. The rustling sound approaches, and there enters a procession of nine dignified old men, clad in black silk gowns that reach almost to their feet, with wide sleeves and ample skirts. At the head walks the Chief Justice and the others follow in the order of their length of service in the court. They stand a moment in front of their chairs, and all bow at once to the bar. The lawyers return the salute; then the judges sit down, the Associates being careful, however, not to occupy their chairs before the Chief Justice is settled in his. Now the young man, who is the cryer, exclaims in a monotonous fashion:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and the Honorable Court!"

Business begins promptly and is dispatched rapidly. First, motions are heard, then the docket is taken up. The Chief Justice calls the cases in order in a quiet tone, and a lawyer is on the floor making an argument while you are still expecting that there will be some further formality attending the opening of so august a tribunal.

The proceedings are impressive only for their simplicity. Usually the arguments of counsel are delivered in low, conversational tones. Often the Judges interrupt to ask questions. In patent cases, models of machinery are frequently used to illustrate an argument, and are handed up to the Judges for examination, or a blackboard for diagrams. Were it not for the gray hair and black gowns of the Judges you might almost imagine at times that the gentleman at the blackboard, with crayon in hand, was a college professor lecturing to a class. Or you may happen in when a lawyer in charge of a case is leaning over the long desk in front of the Judges, holding a conversation with one of them on some intricate point in a mechanical device, and you would hardly think that the court was in session and that the plea was in a patent case involving perhaps a million of dollars.

The bench has long been only a tradition in all our courts. Each Justice has a chair to suit his own notion of what constitutes a comfortable seat. Some of the chairs have high backs to rest the head, some have low backs; some have horsehair cushions, some velvet, some no cushions at all. Chief Justice Waite sits in the middle of the row.

A Delicate Question.

This interesting question has been put to us: "Ought a man borrow a coat to go courting in?" We really do not know. Of course if he borrows a coat that is better than his own he may be guilty of imposing upon the girl of his choice a false notion of his wealth and importance. If we adopt the maxim that all is fair in love, such a stratagem is certainly excusable, though a man of nice moral perceptions or a delicate sense of honor would not resort to it. So far as we know there is nothing illegal in such conduct. The English Parliament once passed a law punishing women who enticed men into matrimony by means of paint, powders, patches and curls, but we never heard of a statute against a gallant's borrowing a coat in which to lay siege to the affection of a fair damsel—if he can get anybody to lend him one. The desire of men to appear well in the eyes of women is almost irresistible, and perhaps we should pardon his amiable weakness so long as he does not steal a coat to do his courting in. Perhaps some of our esteemed contemporaries know more about this matter than we do.

The Personal Appearance of Christ.

From the Gospel of Anselm are gathered the form and manners of the blessed Mary and of her only son, Jesus. Mary, the mother of God, learned Hebrew while her father, Joachim, was still living. She was docile, fond of learning, and persevering about holy scripture. The work of her hands were wool, linen and silk. There was a distinct place in the house of the Lord, in His temple, over the * * * altars. There

ONLY VIRGINS USED TO ATTEND,

and when the divine offices were discharged, they all would go home. Mary alone would persevere, and guard the altars and the temple, ministering to the priests.

Her manner was moderate in speech, of prompt obedience, without mendacity, without laughter, without flurry, without anger. She saluted kindly. Men wondered at her eloquence. She had dark eyes, a right aspect, black eyebrows, a moderate nose. Her face, hands and fingers were long, her stature middling.

SHE WAS CONSTANT IN PRAYER.

She gave herself to reading, to fastings, to manual labors, and to every good and virtuous occupation. When she was taken up into heaven she was seventy-two years old, by the following computation: seven years and a half she ministered in the temple of the Lord; she was in the house of Joseph six months. In her fourteenth year

THE JOY OF ALL AGES

was announced to her; in her fifteenth year she brought forth Christ, and lived with Him thirty-three years as a parent. After the Lord's ascension, she was in the home of John the Evangelist twenty-four years; all which may be counted seventy-two years. But

HER ONLY BEGOTTEN SON

was a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who was called by the Gentiles a prophet of truth. His disciples called him the Son of God. He raised the dead and healed all infirmities: a man of some talents, medium sized and comely; He had

A VENERABLE COUNTENANCE

which the beholders could both love and fear. He had hair of the color of an unripe filbert, and even lying almost to his ears, but from his ears, waving curly, a little darker and more glossy floating on his shoulders. His hair was parted in the middle according to the custom of the Nazarenes; His forehead smooth and most serene, with a face without a wrinkle or a spot, of a moderate and beautiful ruddiness; His nose and His mouth were faultless. He had a copious and youthful beard, parted in the middle. He had an aspect simple and mature. His eyes were bluish-gray, lively and bright. In rebuke He was terrible; in admonition, gentle and lovely; cheerful, though maintaining his gravity. He was never seen to laugh, but often to weep. * * * He had straight hands and His arms were delightful in appearance. In conversation He was grave, proper and modest. He was beautiful among the sons of men. Finis.

State Politics.

Proctor Knott proposes to push his canvass for the nomination of the Democratic party to the Governorship with vigor. He is sanguine of success.

The nomination of Simon Bolivar Buckner for Governor of Kentucky would be an act of more supreme folly than ever the Kentucky Democrats can be guilty.—[Maysville Eagle.

Would it not be well for Messrs. Knott, Jones and Owsley to make joint appointments to meet and address the people? The Big Three would draw large audiences.—[Herald-Enterprise.

The country papers of the State are taking a new departure, and very wisely, too. They are beginning to write less about politics, and more in favor of better school houses and a better school system, better roads, and other measures that will tend to advance the material progress and prosperity of the State.—[Georgetown Times.

Judge M. H. Owsley, of Garrard county, candidate for Governor before the convention to be held in May, was in town last Saturday. The judge is an exceedingly pleasant and intelligent gentleman and made an excellent impression on every one he met. He was accompanied by Col. Sal. Miller, of Louisville.—[Henry County Local.

Two Kinds of Ladies.

A writer in the New Haven Evening Register relates an incident which bears a lesson with it.

As a young lady walks hurriedly down State street upon a bleak Winter day, her attention was attracted by a deformed boy coming towards her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad and twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the couple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausage on the sidewalk. Two richly dressed ladies near by held back their silken skirts and whispered quite audibly:

"How horrid!"

Several passers by who, amused by the boy's look of black dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest. All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausage only to let fall another parcel, when, in dispair, he stood and looked at the lost spoils. In an instant the bright faced stranger stepped to the boy's side and said, in a tone of thorough kindness:

"Let me hold these other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausage. When these were again tied in the coarse, torn paper, her skillful hands again placed the parcels, on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement, and said:

"I hope you haven't far to go."

The boy seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words, but, looking at her with the same vacant stare, asked:

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener with curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I's seen such so called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant like' cept to grand 'uns; I guess there's two kinds—them as think they are ladies and isn't and them as what tries to be and is."

Tom Buford's Example.

Bert Deval escaped from the Anchorage Asylum several days ago and made his way into Scott county, Ind. Dr. Gail, Superintendent of the Asylum, was notified of his whereabouts and advised the county authorities of the presence of Deval in their bailiwick. Sheriff Dnsmore and his deputy arrested the party and placed him in irons, and he was brought to Jeffersonville Tuesday night. Yesterday morning Deval seemed perfectly rational, and the officers concluded they had no right to turn the same man over to the Anchorage authorities and released him.

It will be remembered that when Col Thos. Buford escaped from the asylum and took quarters at Jeffersonville, an attempt was made to arrest him and bring him back.

"This fact is due," explained Col. Buford to a Commercial reporter, "to the fact that I was illegally confined and Dr. Gail was afraid to make an effort to capture me. Since I have been in Jeffersonville he has made repeated attempts by proxy to effect a compromise with me, but all in vain."—Commercial.

The last high water washed a deep channel from within 100 yards of Reelfoot lake, half a mile north of where Blue Bank runs out, down to the old burn. The channel is 20 to 30 feet in width, very deep in places and at least a mile in length. It may form a new outlet for Reelfoot lake in the near future.—[Lake Star.

POLITICAL PROGNOSTICS.

"The truce in politics which may be said to have prevailed for the greater part of the life of the last Congress will undoubtedly come to an end on the assembling of the Forty Eight Congress, and the six months whose will precede the nominations of the two parties for the presidency will be principally devoted to the attempt to make political capital, and business interests may expect to be neglected. It is generally understood that the republican leaders think that they have won their last fight on sectional controversies; that they can have no prospect whatever of electing the next President except through the electoral vote of two or three of the Southern States, and with any hope of gaining these the old issues upon which presidential campaigns have been fought since 1860 must be dropped. The political situation in a number of States of the South, notably Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, is such that with wise management and avoidance of stirring up local prejudices, the republican party can contest for them in 1884 with very reasonable chances of success.

Enthusiastic democrats are apt to think that the next presidency, like ripened fruit, will fall into their lap, and despondent republicans are prone to concur. But while democratic prospects are brilliant, they are really not more so than they were four years ago, and prudence, discretion and wisdom will be required to prevent the roses of anticipated triumph once more turning to ashes on the lips."

It is no longer a matter of speculation that the Republican bosses are laying their plans with a view to carrying some of the Southern States, without which they stand no chance of success in the next presidential campaign. With the co-operation of the Mahone following in Virginia they hope to be able to carry that State, while North Carolina, Louisiana and Florida have always been regarded by them as debatable ground, where efforts judiciously directed might accomplish much. From the political trial to be inaugurated in South Carolina it would seem that they have not entirely abandoned that State.

It seems the sectional issue is to be dropped, as that has played out, and other issues adopted. The main issue, however, will be the judicious distribution of patronage, which is always a potent element in political campaigns, especially when the election margins are small.

CAPITAL GOSSIP.

The Speakership and Lindsay for Senator

Special to The Post.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—A prominent and one of the best informed politicians in Kentucky was asked what he thought of the race for Speaker. "Randall," said he, "will as surely be elected as Congress assembles. Carlisle lacks aggressiveness as a leader, and men won't rally to him. Randall has acted his part with consummate shrewdness and ability. He has wisely taken a conservative position on the tariff foreseeing that before the next Congress assembles the heat of the extremists will have given place to sober, second thought, and that the conservative element will be in a majority. The last is, he knows more about the tariff question than any of them. He is also a cool-headed and courageous presiding officer, well balanced, thoroughly informed, alert, and firm as a rock. He is by odds the best leader we have in the House.

"Carlisle, on the other hand, is timid and time-serving; an extremist when he should be moderate and moderate when he should be an extremist. He could have beaten Beck for the Senate with ease. I am afraid he lost his opportunity. Williams has his friends now running for the Legislature in nearly every county. Carlisle, I think, is doing little or nothing, and will leave it to Lindsay to beat Williams. I regard Lindsay as the ablest active man in the State. He is one of the best lawyers that I know. The soundest statesman we have is Stevenson, but he is too pure a man for modern politics."

Our Tax Reduced.

The bill passed by Congress just before adjournment, makes numerous changes and reductions in Internal Revenue.

On and after May 1st, retail liquor dealers and leaf tobacco dealers' license will be $12 per year, in place of $25. Dealers in manufactured tobacco $2.50 in place of $5 and so on.

Farmers can sell leaf tobacco of their own raising, and only at the farm where produced, directly to consumers after May 1st., to the extent of one hundred dollars worth annually.

On May 1st. tax on manufactured tobacco will be 8cts instead of 16cts. On cigars $3 per thousand instead of $6 as heretofore. The two cent stamp tax on bank checks is abolished to take effect July 1st.

Bank taxes of one half of one per cent on capital and deposits, are abolished from March 3rd.

The Dreamland of Speculation

Washington special.

The government finds Minister Foster, who has gone to attend President Diaz, a very useful man to have at hand. His knowledge of Spanish and the Mexican make him a valuable companion to President Diaz, and by direction of President Arthur he will remain with the distinguished visitor during his Eastern tour. While at New York the party will be the guest of Gen. Grant, and in the city and at Washington important conferences will be had bearing on the commercial relations of the two countries. For the moment Mexico is again the dreamland of speculation, and it will be visited during the year by many of our boldest business men with an eye to the possibilities of trade. Among them will go Senator Mahone, who has been giving this subject special attention for some time.

A Hint to Hickman.

The best indication of the prosperity and growth of Morristown, Tenn., is the advertising columns of the Gazette, which shows that the business men of that town are alive, enterprising set of men. The business men of a town are its life and success, just as the farmers are the same of a country.—[Maysville Democrat.

The Democrat is correct. We are as proud of our merchants advertiser as they are of the Gazette. Business men can do more to enhance their own fortunes and increase the population and wealth of their town and community by advertising than by three times the same amount of money spent in any other way.—[Morristown Gazette.

The Remarkable Family.

Richmond Herald.

A remarkable family lives in Lee county about four miles from Beattyville. It is that of William B. Burns. He and wife were both born on the same day, September 26, 1829. They have nine sons-in-law and a son for each daughter; they have ninety nine grandchildren; they never saw all their children on the same day, the oldest of whom is forty four years of age and the youngest twenty-four. Neither he nor his wife have a grey hair in their heads. He can split 100 rails and lay them up in a day. He boldly asserts that he and his nine sons-in-law can throw down any other man and his sons-in law in the United State for $100 000.

Gov. Benjamin F. Butler, in his message says: "A very considerable portion of the accidents to the employes of our railroads occur in the coupling of freight cars. Are not such accidents preventable? If so, preventable accidents become crimes. If our railroad managers were as carefull of their employers as the verdicts of juries has made them of the safety of their passengers, some means of their automatic coupling of freight cars would have been adopted. May not legislatures require it?" Old Ben's head is level on that question as it was on the value of silver spoons during the war; and this tersely expressed and timely suggested question has already given the automatic coupling a boom.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn Winter dies,
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise;

March!

It will be seen that the poets have not forsaken March or treated the mother month of Spring with lack of delicate attention. Poetly March should be, as she was in the early Roman calendar and in the Latin Christian nations until the eighteenth century, the beginning of the year in any natural arrangement of the months.

In this country the beginning of the political year in national politics, comes on the 4th of March, the day on which Presidents are inaugurated and on which terms of Senators and members of the House begin. This year March will be memorable as containing the Easter holidays that have become of such almost universal observance in our large cities and that generally fall in April. On the whole, March is likely to be treated with unusual respect and good feeling in 1883.

Hon. Proctor Knott was in Louisville last Thursday.

"Will you inaugurate an active canvass for the Gubernatorial chair?" inquired a Commercial reporter.

"Most certainly. I shall begin at once, and will visit every county in the State as speedily as possible."

"Do you feel any uneasiness as to the final result?"

"Not the slightest. I am confident of success, and so are my friends throughout the State. They all tell me there is not the slightest cause for uneasiness."

The directors of the competitive military drill, to occur at Nashville next May, announce that the death of Mr. James M. Martin, the general manager, will not interfere with the enterprise. A successor will be chosen in a day or two and the original programme will be carried out in full. So far only one gentleman—Maj. Hugh G. Gwynn—is prominently mentioned in connection with the position of general manager.

There is a promise of some returns from the census of 1880, to be made on the 4th of July. A good scheme would be the holding of the matter over and using it along with the new census report. It would be real, venerable, ancient history then whereas it now has only a sort of half and half appearance.

A New York judge declares that he will double the penalty to be inflicted upon a boy brought before him who shall prove to be a cigarette smoker. "Cigar smoking is bad enough," he says, "but cigarette smoking is destroying the brains and health of the young. Something must be done to check it."

There are sixty thousand locomotives in the world. And yet, when you have waited for a train at some desolate way station, for five hours, you wouldn't believe there were half so many. Sixty thousand! And still a man can miss a train as easily as though there were only one engine on the whole continent.

The Michigan City Dispatch says General W. S. Hancock, the hero of Gettysburg, will be the Democratic nominee for President in 1884, and all incipient booms might as just as well retire from business at once, and make an assignment in favor of the "Superb."

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Chester A. Arthur.
Vice President—David Davis.
Sec'y of State—Thos. Frelinghuysen.
Secretary Treasury—James Folger
Secretary of War—Robt. Lincoln.
Secretary Navy—Wm. Chandler.
Secretary Interior—S. J. Kirkwood.
Postmaster General—Timothy O. Howe
Attorney General— —— Brewster.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—Luke P. Blackburn.
Lt Governor—J. R. Cantrell.
Secretary of State—James Blackburn.
Assist Sec. of State—Thos G. Harris
State Auditor—Fayette Hewitt.
Treasurer—James W. Tate.
Attorney General—P. W. Hardin.
Register Land Office—Alph. Sheldon.
Sup. Pub. Instruction—J. D. Pickett.
State Printer—S. I. M. Major.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—W. L. McCutchen.
City Judge—George Warren.
City Marshal—C. B. Heshett.
City Clerk—R. E. Millet.
City Treasurer—T. P. Fortune.
Marketmaster—
City Tax Collector—A. M. DeBow.
Wharfmaster—.
Sexton—Peter George.
Councilmen—T. M. French, Jno. Witting, H. C. Beckman, M. B. Shaw, Jas. Sterren, B. Moore.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge—R. S. Morrell.
County Clerk—W. P. Taylor.
Sheriff—W. C. Johnson
Circuit Court Clerk—T. M. French.
Assessor—Jno. Cooper.
County Attorney—A. D. Klugman.
Jailer—Frank Thomasson.
Master Commissioner—Geo. Warren.
County Surveyor—Robert McConnel.
Coroner—
Circuit Judge—James Campbell.
Commonwealth's Attorney—C. Thomas.

COUNTY COURTS.

Fulton County Court—R. S. Morrell, Judge, held every 2d Monday in each month.

Fulton County Quarterly Court—R. S. Morrell, judge held 4th Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Joseph Lewis, Chief Justice; Thos. F. Hargis, Thomas Hines, and W. S. Pryor Judges.

MAGISTRATES COURTS.

1st District—Esq. Donaho, 2d Saturday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Hammond, 1st Saturday in same months

2d District—Esq. Geer, 3rd Saturday March, June, September and December. Esq. Kennedy 4th Monday in same months.

3rd District—Esq. Reed, 3rd Mondays in March, June, September and December, Esq. Mayes, 4th Saturday in same months.

4th District—Esq. Dickinson, 1st Monday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Baynes, 4th Tuesday in same months.

5th District—Esq. Bone, 1st Wednesday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Fields, 3rd Wednesday in same months.

6th District—Esq. Jones, 4th Wednesday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Thos. Bradshaw 2d Wednesday in same months.

E. T. Gardner,

—{ DEALER IN }—

FURNITURE,

Of all kind. CHAIRS, MATRASSES, BED SPRINGS, the new light running no. 4 Victor Sewing Machine. Wooden and Metallic Coffins furnished on short notice

HICKMAN, : KENTUCKY.

FAMILY GROCERY

H. C. JUDGE,

(FRENE'S OLD STAND.)

All kinds of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE-MEAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS.

LIQUORS,

Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.
Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

J. W. CORMAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

STOVES,

HARDWARE, TINWARE, &C. &C.

(NEW FRAME ROW, JACKSON STREET.)

ROOFING, GUTTERING, &c., a specialty. Job Work solicited.

JAMES KOGER,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

REPRESENTING

B. S. RHEA & SON,

— OF —

Nashville, Tennessee,

DEALERS IN

GRAIN, &c

CALDWELL'S

High School.

THE FOURTH YEAR will commence, Monday, September 4, 1882, and continue nine months.

The course of study, in addition to thorough Primary Work, will include Higher Mathematics, the Natural Science, German, Latin and Greek, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Vocal Culture.

TUITION PER MONTH.

Primary,	$3 00
Intermediate,	4 00
Advanced,	5 00

Payable monthly in Advance.

B. C. CALDWELL, MARY CALDWELL, } Principals.

Hickman, Ky., August 11, 1882.

HICKMAN MARBLE WORK

HICKMAN, KY.

B. C. Ramage,

DEALER IN

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine our work.

Orders from the country promptly filled. may 26

Professional Cards.

B. F. O'DANIEL, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERvices to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

Office—Corner room in Laclede House.

DR. A. A. FARIS,

PHYSICAN AND SURGEON,

HICKMAN, — — KENTUCKY

OFFERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity. jan16-80

DR. A. M. PARKER

DENTIST

[Office in Millet Block.]

ALL operations performed in the artistic manner. Special attention given to the regulation of childrens teeth. July4-79

H. A. & R. T. Tyler

Attorneys at Law,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

WILL ATTEND TO ALL BUSINESS entrusted to their care.

Office—Millet Block.

nov8-'78

C. L. RANDLE

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Collector, Real Estate Agent

HICKMAN, KY.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted him in Southwestern Kentucky and Northwestern Tennessee. Special attention given to the investigation of Land titles, and the purchase sale of Real Estate. [Jan8

C. Hughlette Wilson

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HICKMAN, KY.

COLLECTIONS promptly remitted. Abstracts of titles a specialty.

RESUMED.

MR. R. B. BREVARD

respectfully announces to the public that he has resumed business, on Clinton street, ground floor of Corsican office, and that he is now opening a splendid stock, entirely new, of

HARDWARE, TINWARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c.

and would be pleased to have all friends and customers to call and see him.

Confidential

Those indebted to him on last year's business, are respectfully requested to come forward and settle up, as he stands greatly in need of cash.

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest

I have no clerk expenses—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest. JOHN WITTING.

Railroads.

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

Ahead of all Competitors!

BUSINESS MEN, TOURISTS, EMIGRANTS, FAMILIES, [illegible]

THE BEST ROUTE to the Summer resorts and Mountain retreats of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas, via McKenzie and NASHVILLE.

THE BEST ROUTE to the celebrated Colleges, Universities, Seminaries and other Educational Institutions in the Southeast, via McKenzie and NASHVILLE.

THE BEST ROUTE to Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Columbia, Charlotte, Asheville, Bristol, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington, via McKenzie, NASHVILLE and CHATTANOOGA

Don't Forget It!

—By this Line you secure the—

MAXIMUM OF SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, AND SATISFACTION,

— AT THE —

MINIMUM OF EXPENSE, ANXIETY BOTHER AND FATIGUE.

Be sure to buy your tickets over the

N. C. & ST. L. RY.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER need not go amiss; few changes are necessary, and such as are unavoidable are made in Union Depots.

THROUGH SLEEPERS!

..... BETWEEN.....

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Without Change and with Speed Unrivaled

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From Memphis, Milan, and Humboldt to the

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PULLMAN CARS Without Change from Memphis to Louisville, and but one change to principal NORTHERN AND EASTERN CITIES.

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By this line, making

SURE CONNECTIONS AND QUICKEST TIME consistent with

SAFETY AND COMFORT.

EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special low rates.

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ST. LOUIS AND VICKSBURG

ANCHOR LINE

PACKET COMPANY.

(UNITED STATES MAIL.)

JOHN A. SCUDDER, President.
JOHN P. KEISER, Superintendent.
THEO. C. ZEIGLER, Sec'y. and Treas.

RUNS A TRI WEEKLY LINE of boats from St. Louis to Memphis, and a tri weekly line from St. Louis to Vicksburg.

GOING SOUTH.

Memphis boats pass Hickman Tuesday nights, Thursday nights and Saturday nights. Vicksburg boats, Monday, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GOING NORTH.

Memphis boats pass Hickman Tuesday nights, Friday nights and Sunday nights. Vicksburg boats Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays.

Memphis boats—Steamers City of Helena, Ste. Genevieve and John B. Maude.
Vicksburg boats—Steamers City of Providence, Belle of Memphis, Gold Dust, City of Cairo, City of Greenville and City of Vicksburg.

TAKEN UP AS STRAYS,

by R. E. Dodds, & Bros., living two and half miles east of the city of Hickman, on the State Road, in Fulton county, Ky., on the 31st day of Jan., 1883, TWO STEERS, aged about three years. One is RED and WHITE PYDED, and the other a RED and white SPECKLED, with a white stripe on his back, both marked with crop and underbit in each ear. No brand or other marks perceivable, appraised at the value; one at ten dollars and the other at twelve.

Witness my hand this 1st. day of February, 1883.

J. W. MAYES, J. P. F. C.

4t.

MEMPHIS AND OHIO RIVER

PACKET COMPANY.

Memphis, Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati Steamers

JAMES W. GAFF, ANDY BAUM,
CONS MILLER, VINT SHINKLE,
GRANITE STATE,

LEAVES EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIday, at 5 p. m., for Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati, connecting at Cincinnati with Railroads and Steamers for

Eastern, Western and Northern Points.

Giving through tickets to all points—Chicago, Toledo, Buffalo, Richmond, New York, Washington City, Philadelphia and Boston. East, North and Western tourists will find La Belle River route safe, delightful and economical.

Rates by this line cheaper than any other first class route. Meals and state rooms free. Baggage checked through.

Passengers can rely on a splendid trip by this line, as the steamers are all first class, having been expressly built for the accommodation of passengers.

Each steamer carries a full string band.

R. W. LIGHTBURNE,
General Freight and Ticket Agent
No 7 Monroe street, Memphis, Tenn.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr H. Buchanan, one of our best merchants, is absent in St. Louis.

DOWN!!! DOWN!!! DOWN!!! Prices are down lower than ever, on all grades of Goods. Give us a trial and be convinced.
ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

Don Cameron concedes Pennsylvania to the Democrats in 1884.

GENTS Hats of all the latest shades and styles.
ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

Proctor Knott he returned home and entered the canvass.

For fresh and pure Drugs, go to Fortune's Drug Store.

Strawberries are selling at seventy-five cents per quart in Jacksonville, Fla.

Hominy, Grits, Cracked Wheat, Meal, Sour Kraut, and everything else, at bottom prices, at
Moss & Shaw's.

A large number of Nashville boys and girls are going into silk culture this spring.

Now is your time, Queensware at cost, at J. W. Rogers'.

The recently enacted tariff law allows a farmer to sell tobacco raised by him to his neighbors.

Call and see our Stock of SPRING CLOTHING. The nicest line ever brought to the city.
J. AMBERG'S SONS.

The next agony will be the contest for State offices. The elections, like the poor, "we always have with us."

All kinds of Tinware, Queensware and Glassware, at bottom prices, at
Moss & Shaw's.

The town of Columbus, Ky., is to be leveed as a protection against future floods.

Dr. Ragland's Lightning Relief is a sure cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. For sale by
J. W. Cowgill.

In those towns recently deluged erysipelas and pneumonia are reported to an extent not known before for twenty years.

THE Finest line of Spring Clothing ever displayed in Hickman, at ALEXANDER'S & MAXWELL'S.

Wiggins says "it is just as easy to predict a storm a hundred years in advance as to foretell one only twenty four hours away."

WANTED.—A good Blacksmith to locate at this place. Call on or address R. W. Garrison, or J. R. Iler, Protemus, Obion Co., Tenn.

Diaz, ex-president of Mexico, who is now visiting New York city, is the guest of ex-president Grant.

A large and well selected assortment of Ladies, mens, and Childrens, CUSTOM MADE SHOES, just received at
J. AMBERG'S SONS.

Mrs. Cowardin, the beautiful and accomplished wife of Mr. Robert Cowardin, of Nashville, Tenn., is visiting Miss Lou Wilson.

NEW Goods of all kinds can be had at ALEXANDER & MAXWELL. The style of goods received in their Dry Goods department, is just "immense." All the latest shades and styles of Dress Goods and Trimming at popular prices.

Col. Groegn M. Edwards, of Bowling Green, is a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. He was a candidate once before.

Fresh New Orleans Molasses and Sugar, at bottom prices, to be found at
J. W. Rogers'.

Paducah is troubled with the small pox. Not so much with the disease in fact, as with damaging reports of its prevalence in the city, going the rounds.

LADIES Custom Shoes, Gents Custom Shoes, Children's Custom Shoes. The handsomest goods in town.
ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

The day for holding the convention at Frankfort to consider the school interests of the State has been changed from March 26th to April 5th.

Lightning Relief cures Toothache and Earache. Sold by
J. W. Cowgill.

Allen Arthur, son of the President, who was expelled from Princeton College a short time ago for [illegible] in a spree with some of his companions, has been reinstated.

Nice line of Toilet Soap, Perfumery, Stationery, &c., at Fortune's Drug Store.

Mr Henry Amberg has returned from his spring visit to the East, and his house is now receiving a splendid stock of spring and summer goods.

Maple Syrup, Ginger Preserves Mince Meat, Sauer made, at
Moss & Shaw's.

Mrs. Lawson, shot by train robbers who attempted to rob a train on the Fort Smith and Little Rock railroad recently between the two places named, is a resident of Columbus.

Dr. Ragland's Tetter Ointment cures Tetter, Eczema, Itch, Scaldhead, Itching Piles, and all other diseases. Sold by J. W. Cowgill.

The dwelling-house of Jack Burdick, on Reelfoot lake, was destroyed by fire last week, and all his household goods, furniture, provisions, &c., a total of $1,200 or $1,500, was lost.

Now that the Lenten season is at hand, go to Moss & Shaw's for nice Holland Herring, and Mackerel of all kinds.

Senator Hewitt rules that druggists are to pay $50 license for the privilege of selling liquor. The Louisville druggists are indignant, and are holding meetings to protest against the enforcement of the law.

Go to J. W. Rogers' and get nice pulverized Sugar for your cakes.

Gov. Ben. Butler is organizing a new party for the Presidential contest. The principles are "to be Ben. Butler;" the nominee is "to be Ben. Butler;" and Ben. Butler is to be sole "manager of the campaign."

Try our Sugar Cured and Canvassed Hams; they are fine.
Moss & Shaw.

Dr. Warren Cowgill, a recent graduate of the Louisville Medical School, is on a visit to Hickman, his home, but will shortly leave for San Antonio, Texas where he contemplates locating for the practice of his profession.

The nicest thing out is that Shaker-dried Corn, at
J. W. Rogers'.

The Educational Convention, which is to meet at Frankfort on April 5, is not to be a mere convention of teachers and educators, puffing their own profession and working in their own interests. The movement comes from outside the profession. It is to be a lay convention.

The Dramatic Entertainment.

The Dramatic and Musical entertainment given Wednesday and Thursday evenings for the benefit of the Methodist church, was well patronized, and very pleasant and enjoyable throughout. The musical part of the programme was pronounced splendid. The rendering of Mrs Barnett's pretty little play, Esmeralda, was highly satisfactory, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the respective parts deserve high praise. We are proud of the home talent displayed. Mr. Tim Walton represented Elbert Rogers, the leading character, and seems to have a proper conception of the old North Carolina farmer in humor and sympathy. Miss Outten suited the part of Esmeralda, giving a sweet and winning picture of the pretty, gentle little girl of Dave Hardy. The latter character was impersonated very naturally by Mr. David Bargot. Miss Minnie Hoagland was a charming Kate Desmond, and Mr. Jack Millet was all that could be desired in the character of Jack. Miss Unie McCutchen was excellent and beautiful as Nora, and Mrs. Walton very competent as Mrs. Rogers. Mr. Morris and Mr. Walker as Estabrook and Drew were superb. But, in truth we ought to have reserved the word "superb" for our genial friend Mr. Tom Dillon as the French Marquis—at all events Tom was very good in the part.

Our reporter reports the occasion very pleasant, and the acting very clever for amateurs. The play is a simple and pretty story, full of quaint and delicate humor, and of fine literary excellence.

Shaker's Garden Seed, for sale at Fortune's Drug Store.

We can all help. Everyone can do something. Every dollar spent at home is so much towards the general prosperity, while every dollar spent away from home unnecessarily, is so much subtracted. Our merchants understand this and sometimes complain, in a gentle way, that our citizens go elsewhere to buy, when they could do as well at home. When we need the lawyer's aid, or the physician's, or the barber's, we do not run off to another city and to a stranger people. We patronize home folks. So it ought to be in all things. The way to build up our city is to encourage all home industries. Cost and excellence being equal, or nearly equal, preference should always be given to our own citizens.

Better than canned goods is that Shaker dried Corn, at
J. W. Rogers'.

The Hickman Lumber and Manufacturing Company declared a dividend of 25 per cent on the capital invested on last year's business ending this week, so we learn. This proves that manufacturing at Hickman, well managed, will pay and pay well.

Miss Annie Barnes, the talented and accomplished editor of the Acanthus, Atlanta, Ga., visited Hickman, Tuesday, and secured quite a number of subscribers for her paper. She is a young lady of rare talents, educated and brainy, and is endorsed by many of the most distinguished men of the South. Her new book, now in the hands of the Lippincotts, titled "A Beggar at the Gate," a moral romance of Southern life, will be out in book form in May, and she expects in that month to visit Hickman again.

The Tennessee Committee of experts appointed to examine the books of all the State Treasurers since the war, report that each and every Treasurer, except one, has been short in his accounts. This shows a wretched system of book-keeping, or a long continuous stealing.

The Hickman circuit court is in session at Clinton. The grand jury six months ago made a run on the class of offenders known as "carrying concealed a deadly weapon," and great interest is excited as to the result of this effort to enforce said law. It is probably the only instance in the State where special effort has been made to enforce that law.

The Courier does not wish to antagonize Grangers, Green backers or prohibitionists, but if either the one or the other, is to be used by the Republicans, we are square toed for the regular democrat, against all comers and goers, subterfuges or combinations.

An Illinois man hased his wife's ears for investing $2 in a lottery ticket. She went home to her ma and her ticket drew $5,000, and the husband will give anybody a horse and two cows to convince her that he was only in fun when he made her ears ring.

On Monday, at Clinton, C. M. Vaughan, announced himself as a candidate for State Senator, and Judge Gid Sinford for the Lower House.

HICKMAN MARKET.

The markets in all the leading products have been dull and drooping for the past few days.

CORN has declined in New Orleans 3c or 4c per bushel. Our local buyers are buying all they can still at 15c for choice white. We note dull market for corn in all the leading markets and declining tendency.

WHEAT is dull and drooping in all the markets. No. 2 would be worth here from 90c to $1. The growing crop of wheat we learn is not very promising at this time.

COTTON still dull and inactive in all the markets and the present indications are not favorable for much advance in prices as the crop bids fair to be fully up to the crop estimates of 7000 bails. Should that prove to be an over-estimate we look for some advance in prices. We quote Ordinary 6½ to 7c; Good Ordinary 7½ to 8c; Low Middling 8½; Middling 8¾ to 9c.

Hides and Feathers in good demand, and bring full prices according to quality.

In Liverpool there was a decline in both corn and wheat. Provisions were not sustained in Western markets. Liverpool reports future advance in bacon. Cotton was dull and without noticeable changes at any point. The cattle market was weak on the seaboard, but in the West shipping grades were most generally active and firm. Hogs were in sellers' favor. Staple groceries were dull in controlling markets.

"My election to the United States Senate has been a great satisfaction to me, of course," said Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia, to some friends who were congratulating him recently; "and I, of course, am very grateful to my friends for it. But I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that neither it nor any of the steps of rapid promotion in my political career has given me so much genuine pleasure as the fact that my hound pup took the premium at the dog-show the other night."—[Lives of American Statesmen.

Written for the Hickman Courier.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SKY.

BY M. L. B.

Oh! vast illimitable blue, I gaze on thee
And 'midst thy depths methinks I hear
Notes of exquisite melody.
The clouds that o'er thy bosom glide
Like pavilions round God's throne
Outserve to veil, they cannot hide
Thine azure depths, the angel's home!
And if perchance in angry mood
They spread the curtains far and near
Soon they'll dissolve in copious floods—
Of heartfelt and repentant tears.
And then behold athwart thy breast,
The glorious bow of promise cast,
In thy entrance an angel meets
And in a luminous archway meets
Beyond thine azure depths we know
Full many a wondrous mystery dwells,
And as we gaze, the heart of man
With deep felt adoration swells
The luminous stars, those worlds unknown,
That deck the blue, translucent sky,
In myriad voices loud proclaim
That God, the Mighty dwells on high
Those peopled, like the mighty deep,
With creatures strange—both great and small,
And yet to us, who dwell beneath
Thou seemest but a wondrous wall—
Dividing us from space.
The more we strive to pierce beyond
The deeper mysteries round thee twine,
We only know thine azure garb
Was woven by the Hand Divine.
Yet with the eye of faith we see
Beyond thy breast a world of light,
Thy deep blue sea doth separate
Eternity from sight!
The fiery comet travels fast
Across thy pathless sea,
The moon and stars, each move and shine
In sweetest harmony—
And yet one aberration—
Should one star even stray
Or linger for a moment
Upon its destined way,
It would allure another
And then all, all would be
Strange chaos and confusion
In thy ethereal sea.
But the Great Being who made them
Guides each bright, brilliant star
And on everyone, He showers
Rich blessings from afar.
Can any one, who looks on high,
Fail to feel that God is there?
Methinks that clear, bright, pure sky
Is entrance to a world more fair.
'Tis true each lovely flower
Whispers "God is love,"
But His Omnipotence is breathed
By each bright world above!

Circumstances Alter Cases.

A church member in Wisconsin was charged with gambling in stocks and brought before a committee for trial. The deacon asked:

"Brother Smith, the charge is gambling in stocks."

"Yes, sir."

"And do you plead not guilty?"

"No, sir—I plead guilty."

"Then, you do buy and sell stocks, speculate in wheat and oats, and sell futures in pork?"

"I do, sir. Didn't I give one thousand dollars cash to help build the church?"

"Yes."

"Well, I scooped that in on a little deal in pork. Didn't I pay $500 on the organ?"

"Yes."

"That was part of my profit on a speculation in oats. Didn't I foot up a deficiency of $400 in the minister's salary?"

"Yes."

"Well, that came from a rise in stocks. Didn't I chip in $700 toward the parsonage?"

"Yes."

"That came from a corner in oats. Haven't I called up on the orphan asylum, the new bridge, the park and the fire engine?"

"You have."

"Well, that means more corners and holding on till my hair gets gray. Gentlemen, I will step out for a while and let you reach a verdict."

He stepped out, and was recalled in about thirty seconds. Then he was congratulated on a verdict of "Not guilty."

Seeing Some Fun.

One day as I stood in the door of the post-office in a small town in South Carolina I saw a man enter a saloon opposite. In thirty seconds he re-appeared, having passed out of the back door, and turned a lumber pile. He came straight across the street, a look of fun on his face, and as he took a chair on the steps he whispered:

"Now, stranger you'll see some fun in about three minutes."

"How?"

"Waal, my old woman is around the corner in the truck cart. She'll miss me and head straight for that bar to collar my neck. I won't be there, and she won't give up looking until she has a set-to with the chap who hands out the pizen. She hits him, and I'll bet on it, and you just set still and you'll hear splinters fly!"

In about two minutes we saw the old woman cross the square and enter the saloon, and then we hurried over and looked through the window, the man saying as we crossed:

"Stranger, unless yer made of cast iron and double bolted ye hadn't better go in till the row is over!"

But there was no row. The old woman walked up to the bar, laid down one of the old-fashioned ten-cent scrips and called for whisky straight. Then she put one foot on the rail before the bar, elevated the glass, and down went the "pizen" without a gasp. Up went her hand to wipe her mouth, and as she turned to come out she said:

"Yum—yum—don't let on to the old man if he comes in!"

We dodged around the corner and I expected to hear an explanation from my companion. He should have given one, and I think he started out with that intention, but all he could say was:

"Well, I'll ber dam!"

He Will Hang.

Charleston Enterprise 9th inst.]

On last Monday the Supreme Court affirmed the case of the State of Missouri vs. Howard Underwood, colored convicted in this county for the murder of Belle Lucas, colored. This case was once before affirmed by the Supreme Court and the day of execution fixed for the 29th of December last, but the court granted him a rehearing, upon which the same result has been reached and Underwood is to be executed on the 6th day of April, 1883. When Sheriff Harvie and Prosecuting Attorney Russell informed him of his doom he coolly and submissively replied: "The Lord's will be done; I have never had much hope of any other news."

Boards of Health.

There is a bill before the Pennsylvania Legislature providing for the establishment of a State Board of Health. Pennsylvania is sadly behind Kentucky in sanitary organization.—[Courier Journal.

Kentucky is all right, so far as law is concerned, on the sanitary question. There is law for a State Board of Health, for County Boards of Health. What has the State Board done to promote the sanitary condition of the State? If there is alive, efficient County Board of Health in the State we have no account of it. City Boards of Health are incited to occasional spasmodic action after unusual disease makes its appearance. Prevention—the first duty of a Board of Health—is almost wholly ignored.—[Ed.

Down with Combinations.

Ashland Express.]

Candidates for offices in Kentucky, we mean Democratic candidates, should understand that they are expected to go into the next State Convention and go through on their individual merits. The rank and file of the party want no combinations between aspirants. They have had enough of that kind of monkeying in the past, and will stand no more of it; and the gentleman who may secure his nomination by such unfair practices, may expect to be left. The evil has got to be stopped, and now is as good a time as any to stop it. We say down with all combinations.

The Tennessee House of Representatives has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of obscene literature, the Police News and Police Gazette being so claimed. This is a moral measure and should be adopted by other States. Such papers are doing a great deal of injury to the young men of the country and have no doubt led to much criminality.

Home Interests.

Mühlenberg Echo.]

The people are tired of old timers, with their harangues on the currency and other national matters. They want men in the Legislature who will do something for the material advancement of the State, and not spend their time in political intrigues, drinking liquor and keeping their records straight.

How to Change the Constitution.

Carrollton Democrat.]

The plan provided by the constitution itself, which is for the people to vote in favor of a Constitutional convention at two successive elections, by the requisite majority, and then the Legislature to call the convention, is a slow proceeding, to be sure, but the only legal and, therefore the only safe one. The only hope for constitutional reform lies in the latter way, and in educating the people as to its necessity.

The Date of Easter.

About this season of the year many people are asking what it is that determines the date of Easter. The answer is the moon in March, which Tennyson calls "the roaring moon of daffodils." The old rule is that Easter shall fall on the Sunday after the full moon which comes after the vernal equinox. That brings Easter this year on the 25th of March. In 1818 it fell on the 22d of March, the earliest date possible. It will not fall upon that day again in this or the following century.

The Bureau of Education, which is a part of the Department of the Interior, has been inquiring into the matter of caring for children not old enough to partake of the benefit of common schools, that is to say, up to the sixth year. It is found that there exists a well established remedy for this in France, in what is known as the maternal school. In 1837 what had been the effort of private charities was made part of the national educational institutions of that country, since which time their number has increased to, in 1881, 4,666. The growing efficiency of these schools is such as to have attention of our own Government, and a pamphlet just issued from this Bureau, and in which the working of these schools are explained, as the result.

As information concerning the Dramatic Festival in Cincinnati, it may be stated that the auction sale of tickets will commence April 1st in College Hall. The price of one season ticket is $14. Persons residing at a distance from Cincinnati who wish to purchase tickets, can do so by remitting for the number of tickets desired. Should they wish to purchase season tickets, they must state the amount of premium they are willing to pay on each ticket desired. The best seats available at that price will (probably) be secured for them, in the order, it is promised, of receipt of application. Write "Dramatic Festival Association."

An indignant tenant and a rather negligent landlord were overheard in the following conversation in front of the Monument, Monday evening:

Tenant (indignantly)—"My chimney smokes."

Landlord—"What does it smoke?"

Tenant (more indignantly)—"It smokes everything."

Landlord—"Has it tried cubebs?"

Tenant—"Cubebs!"

Landlord—"Yes. Give it cubebs. The chimney has probably got the catarrh, and smoking cubebs will clear the passage."—*Danbury News.*

The Star of Bethlehem, which illuminated the heavens at the nativity of Christ is announced to appear every 315 years since shepherds and ancient astronomers knew it at the birth of the Savior, and on its next coming it is expected to shine with a brilliancy surpassing any previous visitation.

The Covington Commonwealth says that it would be well to take a man for Governor who has not, since attaining his majority, been all his life in public office. That might be the best for the people, but there are men who would be "left" in the race, if this rule were applied.

Our young friend, Mr. Howard Maxwell, formerly of Troy, who has been engaged in the mercantile business at Hickman for several years, was married on Wednesday night, the 14th inst., to Miss Mollie Simmons, of that place. Howard has proven himself a worthy young man, both in his business and social career, and deserves the winning of the estimable young lady.—[Troy Times.

A report is current in Washington that a short time before the adjournment of Congress an attempt was made by some person unknown to assassinate Ex Secretary Blaine by shooting into the carriage in which he was seated while returning from one of the night sessions at the Capitol.

Olive Logan began one of her lectures with the remark: "Whenever I see a pretty girl I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but recovering her self-possession, she replied: "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

In Louisville, the Chief of Police is moving all his powers to keep boys from playing billiard pool, and the gambling houses are running under the shadow of the City Hall, with never a fear of the doughty Chief.

Henderson is no doubt improving more rapidly than any town in the State. A list of sixty-four dwelling houses, stores, factories, etc., to be built this spring and summer, is published by the Reporter, which says the list is only a partial one.

The Receiver of the Marion Trust Company at Indianapolis reports that during its year's existence 5,000 people were gulled into contributing $200,000, of which only, $50,000 was paid out. A cord of circulars and some office furniture are the only assets.

Once a dyer of Lexington asked Tom Marshal to furnish him a motto for a sign. "What is your trade?" he asked. "I'am a dyer," was the reply. Tom took up a pen and wrote on a slip of paper: "Others live to die, but I dye to live."

Judge D. A. McGonagill, of Paducah, is a crack shot with a revolver. At the distance of 150 yards he put six bullets in rapid succession into a circle four and a half inches in diameter, using an improved Colt's revolver.

The Modern Argo says that the only time when a man is generous in drawing the line between his own and his neighbors property is when he shovels the snow off the sidewalk.

A Texas sheriff shot a disorderly person to death in the court-room, last Friday during the progress of a trial. Texas sheriffs understand the art of preserving order in court.

During the year 1882 Kentucky had 152 failures of business houses. Nominal capital, $1,621,675; actual, $1,090,010; liabilities, $1,987,651.

St. Louis glass men report trade in a very bad condition, with goods selling at 30 per cent below cost of manufacture. Over-production is the root of the evil.

The erection of a confessional in Grace Episcopal Church, in Cleveland, is exciting a good deal of talk in that part of the State.

Miss Tenie Slédon, aged 20, died at her fathers home, this county, on the 11th instant. She was esteemed a Christian lady.

The peanut crop of the country amounted to over two millions of bushels. Long legislative sessions are anticipated.

The Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley is called to meet at Jackson, Miss., April 3 to consider the course of Congress

Mrs. Jno. Lacount, who lived a short distance from Fulton, died on last Friday, under the following painful circumstances. She had been suffering from neuralgia for several days, and desiring to have some teeth extracted, sent for Dr. A. R. Hunsacker, dentist of Fulton. She insisted on being placed under the influence of ether. The *Index* says:

"Accordingly the Doctor administered the ether and extracted the first tooth. The patient rallied in a few moments and seemed very well, left her seat, went to the bucket and took a drink of water, and the Doctor says she was entirely free from the influence of the drug, and he insisted on extracting the other tooth then, but she protested against his attempting to extract it until he administered more ether, and to satisfy her, he administered a very small quantity, but not a sufficient amount to make her unconscious, and undertook to extract the second tooth. As soon as he put the forceps on her tooth she offered a resistance by pulling at his coat sleeve, and finally he had to remove the forceps, through fear of breaking the tooth off. About this time he noticed that her countenance had changed and saw that she was fainting. He tried to restore her, but his efforts proved fruitless. She was dead in less than one minute."

Wanted,

Competent solicitors wanted in every county to take orders for CRAM'S New Double Reversible Map of the U. S. and World. Best Map of the kind published. Sells rapidly. Large commission. For circulars address
A. A. ATTEBERRY, Gen'l Agt., Knoxville, Ill.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Commonwealth of Kentucky, } Sct.
County of Fulton, }

L. L. Underwood and Abraham Plant have this day filed in my office articles of incorporation, having the corporate name of Plant Brothers & Company; principal place of business, Hickman, Fulton County Kentucky.

They propose a general merchandise business.

The capital stock authorized is not less than fifteen thousand dollars, nor more than twenty-seven thousand dollars to be fully paid in.

The corporation is continue one year from date, March 12th 1883, which terminates March 12th, 1884.

The officers of this corporation are L. L. Underwood, general manager, and Abraham Plant, assistant manager.

The indebtedness to which the corporation may be subjected at any time not to exceed two thirds the paid up capital.

Private property of members to be exempt from corporate debts.

Attest.
W. P. TAYLOR,
Clerk of the Fulton County Court.
4w. March 12th 1883.

Commissioner's Notice,
Fulton Circuit Court.

J. H. Plant's Adm'r, Plaintiff, Against His Heirs & Creditors, Defts } Equity.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of J. H. Plant, deceased, that the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an Order in the above styled cause, will attend at his Office, in Hickman, Ky., from the date hereof until the 4th Monday of July, 1883, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.
GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner Fulton Circuit Court.

FRITZ SCHROEDER,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
SHOP—North West corner of Moscow and Troy Avenues, East Hickman, Ky.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
may

BEER SALOON
H. F. FETHE,
Keeps fresh beer on tap, all the time, Will serve customers promptly and courteously.

C. A. TALIAFERRO,
THE JEWELER,
Can be found at J. W. Cowgill's Drug Store. All work warranted.

FORSALE, CHEAP!
No Acres of Heavily Timbered Land in the suburbs of
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,
on Young Street, between the Dresden road and Holly Street. Young Street will be opened, so that easy access can be had to it. The timber will more than pay for the land. Enquire of R. T. Tyler, or Thos. Dillon, Sr.

JOHN KOSS.
The Shoe-Maker.
[illegible] BOOT and SHOEMAKERS [illegible] Western Kentucky. Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
REPAIRING done promptly and neatly.
CLINTON STREET, HICKMAN, KY

New Grocery!
JACKSON STREET, [Tolerance Block.] } HICKMAN, KY.
D. L. GOLDBERG,
DEALER IN
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My Stock is New and Fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.
LIQUORS!
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The Nashville American,
For ONE DOLLAR you can get the WEEKLY AMERICAN a whole year, postage prepaid. Its weekly review of the Nashville market and telegraphic quotations of principal cities are alone worth the price to farmer or merchant. The DOLLAR WEEKLY AMERICAN is made up of the cream of daily issues of the AMERICAN each week. Local news of the city and State every week. Best and cheapest family paper in the West and South. Full reports of Congress and Legislature. Everything of importance that occurs anywhere in the world is promptly chronicled in the DOLLAR WEEKLY AMERICAN. In no other way can one dollar be invested that will be of such lasting benefit. An extra copy sent free with every club of ten subscribers. Remember the low terms—one dollar for a year—75 cents for six months—40 cents for three months.
Address THE AMERICAN,
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PLAIN
TRUTHS
The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.
These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.
Saved his Child.
17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.
Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."
ADORAM PHELPS.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.
WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you.
CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.
For sale by JNO. W. COWGILL.

New Stock!
POWELL & BROTHER,
are now receiving a fresh stock of
Groceries and Family Supplies,
which they offer to the public at fair prices. Best grade of Flour, Meal (bolted and unbolted), Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Rice, Mackerel, Kraut, &c., &c.
Headquarters for Salt, Lime and Cement.
Our farming friends will find us fully stocked up with
Farming Implements, Field Seeds, &c.,
which we will sell as low as any one. Give us a call before buying elsewhere.
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J. R. FUQUA. A. M. DeBOW
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Wholesale Dealers and Western Agents for
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All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c. as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

Sale and Livery Stable.
FARIS & PARKER,
KENTUCKY STREET,
KEEPS constantly on hand for hire and sale
HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS.
Having purchased the stable, horses and entire outfit of W. B. Plummer, we propose to continue the business, and solicit patronage.

FIELD SEED OF ALL KINDS,
Lime and Cement,
Land-Plaster,
STAPLE & FANCY: GROCERIES
mch4 BONDURANT & DREWRY.

HEADQUARTERS
FOR ALL KINDS OF
GROCERIES,
Mr. F. B. Coss announces that he is now open in his old Cooper Shop building, Jackson Street, and is ready to sell all kinds of family Groceries at the lowest prices.
Country produce bought and exchanged.

Great Bargain.
Come quick, or you will miss a rare chance to make money. Having two mills, we wish to sell the entire mill machinery, consisting of two engines, eight inch cylinder, two feet stroke, with heavy main shaft and driving wheels, three sets four feet French burrs, of the best quality, good smut mill and cleaners, all the shafting and wheels necessary to a first class mill, a splendid Merchant work bolting chest, with cloths, &c., complete, also bolting cloth and chest for custom work, a full supply of elevator tubes, spouts, &c.; cold and hot water pumps and jet for drawing water from wells, boiler, furnace fronts, grates, bars, &c. In a word, all that is needed in the way of machinery in such a mill, belonging to mill known as the White & Gardner mill, in Hickman, Ky. Said mill when shut down, was making as good flour and meal as any mill in southwestern Kentucky. This is a rare chance to get a cheap mill outfit adapted to both custom and merchant work. There are many points in our surrounding country where such a mill is greatly needed. Don't delay, if you want a good thing, but come and see what a bargain. For further information, apply to POWELL & BRO.,
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J. AMBERG'S SONS,
DEALERS IN
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Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,
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Clinton Street. HICKMAN, KY

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J. W. COWGILL,
TRUSSES AND Abdominal Supporters
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED AT ANY HOUR DAY OR NIGHT. Ring night bell after 10 p. m.
FANCY TOILET ARTICLES AND Perfumery.

THE OLD RELIABLE!
CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,
—DEALER IN—
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS,
HICKMAN, KY.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WAGONS,
Hickman, Kentucky.

LACLEDE HOUSE.
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.
THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive watch kept and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.
may9-79 W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

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BUSINESS COLLEGE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Practical Book-keeping.
No Text Books.
OVER 25 YEARS A PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT!
Endorsed by all the Prominent Merchants of Louisville.
Send Stamps for Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship.
E. N. C. WEAVER Principal. S. H. DeSOLLAR, Secretary.

J. W. ROGERS,
KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy
GROCERIES,
and Confectioneries. Will be pleased to see his old customers, and will both suit them in price and quality. Call and see me. "Quick Sales and Small Profits. Won't be undersold [jan4tf

GROCERIES
—AND—
LIQUORS.
HENRY W. KNOERR & CO., Bernudes building, Clinton street, keep in store a good supply of FAMILY GROCERIES and the finest brands of LIQUORS. Good goods and low prices

THE BARTER GROCERY.
MR. J. H. MONTGOMERY, announces to his friends and the public that he has opened a new and fresh supply of all kinds of FAMILY GROCERIES, which he will sell as low as the lowest. He is ready at all times to exchange Groceries at cash prices for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, or any kind of marketing that the farming friends may bring in. The highest market price always paid.
J. H. MONTGOMERY & SONS.

W. DIESTELBRINK
Family Groceries.
NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.
Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN, : : KENTUCKY

EASTER.

O Earth, forget thy winter; O nature, bud and bloom,
And clothe slopes with greenness that late were hung with gloom.
O [illegible] Easter lilies, your gleaming censers fill,
Forth comes the mighty Victor, the rocky tomb to rift.
O gentle Easter angels be swift to greet the day
When from the guarded chamber the stone is rolled away,
And Christ, the King, steps onward, with Death beneath him dead,
And leads his ransomed homeward, with glory on His head.

Three days ago they laid Him, all pulseless, on the bier,
The thorn-marked brow was pallid, their hearts stood still in fear.
Three days of solemn stillness, three days of grief sublime—
A pause when seraphs waited to hear the throb of time.

And now! No burst of music, as when a Babe He came
Though Heaven is thrilled with rapture, and cherub anthems flame.
In soundless flight on sweeping, the shining ones descend
To give our earth the key-note of songs that shall not end.

What though there are who listen in vain for voices hushed,
What though there are who languish o'er sweet hopes early crushed,
Still peal the Easter chorals adown the lonely years,
And yet the Easter promise doth solace for our fears.

The Christ for us hath conquered our one relentless foe,
Our vanished ones forever with Him are safe, we know.
O fragrant Easter lilies, like tapers fair ye stand,
To light the silent portals that guard the deathless land.

Haste, gentle Easter angels, who rolled the stone away,
Come melt our loveless spirits, shame unbelief this day,
And help us tread it under our footsteps as we sing
The joyous hymns of Easter around our risen King.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Weekly.*

TORRICELLI.

My old friends Jack and Helen Burbank left me mistress of their elegant mansion on the Hudson while they took one of their unexpected flights to Europe. This time it was for Birdie's eyes. Birdie, their idolized daughter, was then a "sweet girl graduate," a fine type of the frail American beauty. She had been abroad several times already, but no climate gave roses permanently to her cheeks. Jack was a big handsome fellow, who for some years had been doing business in Wall Street. What business precisely I never found out. When he entertained his male friends they always talked of "margins," and "puts," and "calls," and "straddles," and made me think of what St. Augustine says: "The trifling of adults is called business." Once I ventured to quote this. One of the heavy men present looked at me for a long time, debating whether it were worth the while to pay any attention to me, and then he said, ponderously: "Madam, we brokers are the Atlases that bear the world upon our shoulders. All business is supported by and through us." I did not know how to answer him, but all the same I felt that he could and should have been silenced instead of me. Subsequently I learned a great deal about those Atlases.

A few words will give an idea of Torricelli, the costly home of the Burbanks. Jack, somewhere in his travels abroad, had been greatly charmed by an old pile with sugar-loaf towers—quaint, picturesque, dreamy. Helen shared his admiration, and Torricelli was the result. The towers, already ivy-clung, were wonderfully beautiful, especially in the moonlight, overlooking the lovely terraces, decked with fountains, statues and shrubbery, that separated the mansion from the river.

One summer afternoon I sat with Helen on one of the broad piazzas. Lovely trailing vines curtained us from a too glaring light, and cast their shadows upon the floor of real mosaic. Birds sang in the shrubbery or bathed themselves in the fountain basins; bees hummed above the cups of luxuriant flowers of every kind that an extravagant professional florist could make grow in the open air or in his greenhouses. Helen, fanning herself languidly as she sat in a luxuriant arm-chair, said: "How are you ever going to amuse yourself in this barrack while we are away?"

"You call this a barrack, and yet the drapery of a single window has cost a thousand dollars!" I spoke reproachfully, for I felt that Helen was an ungrateful woman. I did not understand then what became very clear to me afterward.

"O, well, cousin. You know the alpha and omega of Jack's business creed is 'visible opulence.' He says nobody is rich only so long as people believe him to be so. We have two houses full of costly things that we can not use and really do not want, and all the world envies us our grand fortune. Do you know I never think of us as fortunate?" And with this Helen rose, made a turn across the veranda, and then dropped back into her seat with a sigh.

"Helen Burbank!" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me you are not a happy woman? Is not Jack the best of husbands?"

"O yes. I suppose I am a happy woman, and of course Jack is a good husband, but—— Come, Cousin Jane, let us ride around the grounds. The carriage has been waiting an age." And Helen dragged on her hat and gloves and her costly dolman. As we descended the broad steps of the mansion a footman in blue and cream-colored livery ceremoniously opened the carriage door, shut it when we were seated, and then mounted his seat behind the elegant barouche, where he sat like a statue with folded arms.

The park of Torricelli was beautiful; the day magnificent, yet as the luxurious carriage rolled noiselessly over the graded roads, I could see that Helen was ill at ease. I thought it was that gorgeous footman, and told her so. She smiled, and said: "Jack thinks we must have everything, and that includes a coachman and footman in livery. I hate the whole thing and I know he does, and now, Cousin Jane, never mention the subject again."

My cousin Helen had changed wonderfully since she became a fine lady, indifferent to all the pleasures in the world. She was buxom, rosy minx at twelve, as I remembered her. Then fortune separated us for years. I visited her once in the city of Philadelphia, when Jack was a "struggling writer." She wore a ten-cent calico dress then, and did all her own work. After that they bought a little farm some thirty miles from the city, and there they lived some ten years. I used to think that those must have been Helen's dark days—cooped up in a dismal country cottage, working like a slave from morning till night. I often thought of it when I saw her rolling in her blue satin-lined landeau, too listless almost to hold up her dainty parasol.

But this sudden trip to Italy. It was "apropos of nothing," Helen said, for Birdie could not endure the sea, and no foreign country ever agreed with her. A day or two before they sailed I remarked to Jack that it would forever remain a mystery to me why people who had delightful homes like Torricelli could ever leave them, unless absolutely obliged to do so, and especially that they could leave them to roam over the world without any specific object, sleeping in the dingy cryptsof steamers, and paying double for food that must make them sigh for their French cook at home.

Jack looked at me. I think he was going to say something serious, but instead he declared that I was envious of their prospect of enjoyment, and then pressed me to join them. Helen and Birdie also urged me. I told her I would not relinquish the fun of running Torricelli a couple of months for anything, and that I would wager her ladyship's idle servants would not have quite so much leisure when once I was in charge.

The family left at noon. The next morning I sent for Hobson, the butler. I told him that during my management I would have all tradesmen's bills sent directly to me when goods were delivered. There would be no dinners. Hudson looked aghast—no dinners, I repeated, only a little lunch at one o'clock for me and any friend who might call. Then I went over the larder with him, and took note of what supplies there were, locked the wine-cellar, and kept the key. By that time I no doubt had the reputation, from butler to scullion, of being an "awful screw." It always seemed as if neither Jack nor Helen cared how much was ordered, nor how enormous the bills were. I could not endure such lack of system, and told Helen so. "O, well," she replied, "you don't suppose I could hint to that butler, for example, that he is not going all right? I know we pay for wine enough for a large family. We use very little at our dinners, you know. But what can be done? Jack won't interfere with Hobson's management, and as for me I'm quite afraid of the creature. You can overhaul his works if you dare. Better let him alone, though. Take everything easy, and enjoy this Eden, as you call it, as best you may." And then she told me to use her room and her writing-desk, and if the house should get on fire, to save a big ledger in the under-closet of it. "It is an old journal, cousin. You might like to look at it, but it would probably bore you. Perhaps it wouldn't, though. You are a little sentimental." I thought the speech rather strange, and often thought of it afterward.

Days passed before I had leisure to rummage in the closet of Helen's beautiful ormolu desk. Her journal was written in a cumbrous old ledger covering several years of Helen's early life, but not one word after her installation as mistress of Torricelli. For three days I spent every spare moment upon that journal. I think nothing ever so astonished me. It was a revelation.

EXTRACTS FROM HELEN'S JOURNAL.

"PHILADELPHIA, March —, 18—.—Jack has decided that we are to leave the city. How, or exactly when, we don't know. We have such a hard struggle to live. We never know from month to month what our income is going to be from Jack's writings. I live in daily apprehension of the time when we shall have to use the little sum so carefully hoarded for Birdie's education. Birdie is having great trouble with her teething, and Jack looks at times almost haggard. We must get out of these little stuffy rooms before another heated term. O, for the sight of God's green earth, and for one long breath of balmy air! Jack says: 'Yes, we must go, dear, but it is a leap in the dark.' I don't feel so. I believe in the country. God seems nearer there. I lived in the country till I was twelve years old. I know how to take care of chickens, make butter and cultivate flowers. He smiles incredulously when I tell him this, and sighing, kisses me and Birdie. I, too, have had misgivings, but not now, for the doctor hints that Birdie is in danger, and Jack, he says, needs a change. When I think of my treasures in danger I feel as if I had the strength of an army.

"PLAINFIELD, New Jersey, March 10.—Birdie seemed worse, and Jack made me bring her down here to stay with the Hodges till he packs up our things. It is too bad that the dear boy has to do all the work alone. I hope he won't forget to bring pussy. We are to stay here while we look around for a cottage and an acre of ground. The land here is too high, and I feel sure there is malaria, though the residents of the place all deny it. I feel it in the damp air, and smell it in the needy thickets. [illegible] Coming down in the ferry I thought a baleful of seeds. O, how I long to begin farming! I'm not a bit blue over the prospect, though we must take Birdie's money to buy our cottage and land. Jack is a little dubious about this leap in the dark, though he won't admit it. I know, though, by the way he plays his violin. I never hinted this to him, and so his precious old friend is my secret ally.

"JERSEY PINE BARRENS, April 5, 18—.—Here we are actually settled in our new home almost a month. Birdie has learned to walk and is already much better. Jack and I can not express our joy over the change, nor sufficiently censure our folly in living so long cooped up in the city. We are half a mile from a little settlement that is sure to grow rapidly, as it has a railroad just opened. A nice cottage of seven rooms, a chicken yard and house, and a big wood-shed over the back door. There is no well, though, and Jack has to bring all the water in a keg placed on a wheelbarrow from a lake almost a quarter of a mile away, for that is only a little further than our nearest neighbor's, and Jack prefers to get it there. We must have a well by-and-by. We put all our savings, except a few dollars, into this place. The poor man who built it could not pay his mortgage, and was on the point of losing it for $500. As it is, he got $200 to go West with, for we gave $500. The place, if anywhere else, could sell for $1,000 easily. There is ever so much land all around, with little pines and oaks and the huckleberry bushes are just a tangle. How I long for them to get ripe!

"There has big garden spot cleared. The little trees come quite up to the end of our veranda on the north side. O, it is delightful to sit on our little veranda and listen to the warbling birds in the woods. Jack can imitate them on his violin. To-day I did all my washing and ironing. Jack helped me. Washing is not hard and ironing is really artistic work.

"April 10.—Yesterday Jack got our neighbor's horse, and plowed for the first time. O, such crooked furrows! I led the horse at first, but he soon sent me into the house, that he might be free to express his feelings, I think. While I was there he said: 'I know the science of plowing. I know what you do to make the plow go right or left, deep or shallow, but really, you don't plow by science, but by instinct.' I stopped the horse and looked squarely at Jack and said: 'Jack, I know you can plow. Why, any common men can learn to plow. Just have patience.' Then he made me come in, and I got him a nice dinner. When he came in at sunset he looked triumphant, and tired as he was, his face all begrimed, he seized me and waltzed me around the little dining room till he nearly upset Birdie's cradle. He had got the 'knack,' he said. I never saw him look so handsome.

"April 12.—To-day I made my first loaf of real raised bread. It was another grand triumph. I set the sponge late last night with half a yeast cake. It was cold, and I did not know how to keep the sponge warm. Finally I set my boiler upon the kitchen table poised on four bottles, and with a tiny lamp underneath. Then I put on the cover of the boiler, and went to bed. I got up before Jack. My sponge was ready to run over. I mixed my bread, and set it in the boiler turned on its side before the stove, the dough covered with a cloth. Jack had not seen it, and it was finely baked and cold at dinner-time, when Jack had finished plowing and harrowing the ground. What a surprise it was! for Jack is particularly fond of good bread. He asked where I got that splendid loaf, supposing some neighbor had sent it to me. I did not answer him directly, and Jack turned to Birdie, seated in her high chair, and gravely asked her where that loaf came from. 'Mamma—tove,' she replied, pounding her plate with her spoon. I thought Jack would not understand her word for stove, but he did, and expressed great pride in my skill. I don't think he is as proud as I am of his learning to plow, and told him so. Last night a big empty house in the village was burned down—set on fire accidentally by tramps, it is said. We must be doubly careful of fire—No fire-engines owned here.

"April 16.—The *Daily Protest* sent Jack twenty dollars last week for two editorials. O, how rich we felt! We immediately bought and set out a lot of fruit trees and shrubs, also some evergreens and shade trees. I made Jack hire a man a week to help him. There is an old neglected strawberry patch near the cottage and three rows of raspberry bushes. I have spent hours on my hands and knees pulling out grass roots and last year's weeds from some poor strawberries. Then I sprinkled ashes over them, and from the first I have poured all my dish water and soap-suds on them; I wonder if I shall have one strawberry?

"April 17.—I have such trouble to make my pretty little white Leghorn hens sit. They lay all the time, and every few days one of them will excite my hopes by pretending to sit. I give her a nest of eggs, and that seems to banish the last vestige of seriousness in her intentions, and in a day or two I find her laying again. I am told that this is a 'feature of the Leghorn fowl; a very bad one, I think.

"My good neighbors the Wormleys moved to the city to-day. We are sorry enough to lose them. Jack spent nearly a whole day helping Mr. W. pack up his 'lares and penates,' as he said. Mrs. W. gave him some old chicken-coops, some much needed farming tools, and a really good bedstead—old-fashioned, but solid, and what I much want. This will be nice in our guest-chamber, and by-and-by we will get a mattress and some bedding. With all our poverty, though, we are able, thank God, to help others. Jack has helped another neighbor, Mr Hall, two or three times, when pressed with his work, and I have several times gone over and helped Mrs Hall with her washing, for she is not well this spring, and she has a baby two months old.

"April 20.—Our new neighbors the Pillsburys moved into the Wormley house to-day. I had some fresh bread baked, and I kept thinking I ought to carry a loaf to Mrs. Pillsbury. It seemed absurd, too, but while Birdie slept I put a loaf in a basket, covered it with a snowy napkin, and started. Mrs. P. came to the door. She had a towel on her head, and looked very tired. I told her I was her nearest neighbor, and though by no means a spiritualist, I had been possessed with the idea that she wanted a loaf of bread. Her face beamed with pleasure. She said she was a spiritualist and that bread was just what she most needed, as, in the confusion of getting ready, the staff of life was forgotten. She sat down and chatted with me, and we agreed to lose no time in getting acquainted. She is almost as young as I am but has no children yet. While talking in the shed a hen with feathers all ruffled up came in and settled herself in a corner behind a saw-horse. Mrs. P., the wife of a [illegible], told me that that hen had preserved her moods for sitting all through the journey. She was incorrigible. I timidly asked if I could borrow her, not dreaming of anything but a refusal to such an odd request. Mrs. Pillsbury said I was welcome to her services. 'But will she sit,' I asked, 'if taken to my place?' 'Sit!' exclaimed Mrs P. 'That hen will sit in a pail of water, I do believe.' In less than ten minutes that Brahma hen was comfortably sitting on my twelve duck eggs in the corner of my woodshed. How nice if they hatch! Jack says they may be last year's eggs for aught I know. 'Commend me to you, Muggins, for faith!' he exclaimed, and then he had to play 'bear' and disarrange my collar and my back hair. He is always behaving like a big boy.

"April 21.—Our pease, planted some three weeks ago, are looking finely. Can it be possible that I am to enjoy the delight of preparing fresh, delicious green pease from my own place? Dear me! I do not get time to put down the tenth of what we do here. How the blessed time flies! When we first came we spent almost a whole day raking up leaves in the woods and packing them down in a big square hole two feet deep, with the dirt removed piled up in a bank along the north side. We danced on the leaves to pack them down, drove down stakes around it, and this was our hot-bed. Two old sheets sewed together served in place of sashes. Our neighbor Hall said 'Cassy,' Jack and I call him, short for Cassandra, because he is always predicting evil, came by as we were adding the final touches. He asked what manure we used, for the leaves were all covered with earth. We told him leaves, soap-suds, garbage and a boiler or two of boiling water. 'O, you can't get any heat without stable manure,' said Old Cassy. Some days later, when Jack's seeds were all in the bed, Cassy went by and Jack pulled a thermometer out of his hot-bed and showed it standing at eighty degrees. He looked incredulous. Never did plants grow better in a hot-bed. We shall have lots of plants to sell. All one end we devoted to sweet potatoes, planting a whole bushel as close together as they could lie.

"May 1.—We have christened our place Mount Hope, because it is on a hill, and Hope is one of our watch-words. We do not wish to be rich, but please God that our honest, hard work may give us the means to continue as happy as we now are. I never was so happy before. The ogre, the landlord's agent, who used to come with such merciless promptitude every month and take away our painfully saved-up earnings, can not enter here. A poor tramp came to our door to-day. He wanted to work, and we gave him some clothes.

"May 2.—All day by spells I have been out helping Jack make the garden. I never worked out-of-doors before as I have here. It is inspiriting. The day was delicious. Birdie toddled about, falling down every other minute, but always crowing with delight. She is the dearest little cherub in the world. Yesterday Jack lay down on the lounge and fell asleep. He had been up long before sunrise and was tired. I was doing my work and watching her. She went about very softly, so as not to wake papa. She was struggling with all her little might, placing the chairs carefully in a row before the lounge so that papa might not fall off.

"May 10.—Jack's hard work, instead of hurting him, as I feared, is making a new man of him. He will not wear a broad brimmed hat. He wants to get brown, he says.

"May 17.—Eureka! My ducks have hatched!—at least seven of the twelve eggs. Almost all our planting is done. The tramp that came to us last month returned some days ago and asked to stay and work for his board. He seemed honest and we could not refuse. I took Mrs. Pillsbury into my confidence and she lent me some things to fix up a room for this new-comer. We call him our G. G. (good genius), because he is so handy and so helpful. He took some big crates, which he made himself, filled them with sweet potato plants, and carried them down to our one grocery store and to our meat market. He expects that they will sell at forty-five cents a hundred.

"May 18.—Our garden grows apace. We have lettuce from our hot-bed, and also radishes. We undertake everything Jack and I. When we first came we read how to plant asparagus, and made a bed, dug a trench two feet deep, filled the bottom with old boots, rubbers, straw, weeds, and every rubbish that could decay. Above this a load of stable manure bought of Cassy; then the earth, and the plants we set down deep into this the other day. Jack says we are capable of 'staggering' into anything. At last one of my Leghorns did seriously sit, and I gave her nine turkey-eggs, bought of a person in town who wanted Leghorn eggs. G. G. made the exchange. He finds out everything.

"May 26.—We have got a well. O, what a treasure! For weeks Jack and I have been calculating the possibility of paying for a well at the rate of one dollar a foot for the labor, and on this hill we should have to dig at least forty feet. It did seem a herculean task. It must be that Providence has special charge of such babes in the woods as Jack and I. The other day at table I said to Jack: 'Are not we three grown people competent to dig a hole? There are the bricks, you know. It will take about three thousand;' and the dear boy looked melancholy. G. G. said he could dig a well, he believed. The next day I left Birdie with Mrs. Pillsbury while I went to find the owner of the house that lately burned down, found him, and went with him to look at the bricks of the fallen chimneys. I bought them all for three dollars, and arranged for their delivery at Mount Hope. Jack laid nearly all the bricks. The well was finished yesterday. It is close to the kitchen door, in the shed. G. G. made the curb, and hung the buckets over the wheel.

"June 9.—To-day we had green pease, eggs in an omelet, and a lettuce salad for dinner, all from our own place, and the work of our own hands.

"June 14.—Memorable day. Jack went to the post-office this morning as usual. I was out sweeping and refilling my duck-pond. Some one was leading a cow up the road that goes by our house. I kept on my work dreaming of the time when Jack and I would own a cow, and have cream with our strawberries, which are ripe now, and we have more than we can eat. I felt that Birdie must have milk before she can become robust. I had scarcely got into the house when I heard Jack calling—'Muggins!' I went out, and there stood Jack with a little clock under his arm, and holding a little short-horned cow by a chain which rested on his arm in folds. His face was radiant. It fairly took my breath away, for I felt that it was our cow. Her udder was large and of a lovely cream-color. She gave milk, then. Birdie toddled out clinging to me. She had never been so near a cow before. 'Who shall say we are not rich?' exclaimed Jack—'rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Here's a cow—four years old, three-fourths Alderney, and gentler than a kitten.' I screamed with delight, and then Jack told me he had bought the cow of Mrs Wayland, who was selling out, preparatory to moving back to the city. She wanted a good home for this pet cow, and happened to need a watch, so there was a 'swap' made—the cow and twenty dollars for the watch. Jack went and brought a two-dollar Connecticut clock at once, for we have none. How fortunate are we to secure this lovely cow! We call her Brownie.

"June 18.—Jack got me a dozen milk pans. Everything in the house was full of milk. Such heavenly cream and strawberries! We just live on Graham bread and cream and strawberries.

"Aunt Judy, who sometimes does work for me, came by yesterday morning and evening and milked for me. My hands were very stiff, they are getting used to milking now. Jack curries Brownie carefully every morning. If I could only milk like big Aunt Judy! How willingly I would exchange what I know of the piano for such a useful accomplishment!

"June 22.—To-day I churned the second time, and sold again two pounds of butter for eighty cents. My churn is a tall, little yellow, earthen crock. Jack made me a cover for it, and a little dasher. The butter comes in five minutes. The man who owns the saw mill says my butter is the best he has ever tasted, and wants all I can spare. I can, with a little economy, spare at least a dollar's worth every week, and so in this way we can get some lumber for Brownie a house—at least I can help pay for it. We have now a temporary shed for her, about six feet square. It is quite touching to see the aristocratic blooded creature stand under it chewing her cud.

"July 6.—We had new potatoes, green pease and lettuce for dinner—all from our own place, also strawberries and cream. We buy very little meat, for it is expensive, and since we have milk and butter we don't seem to need it. Sometimes we have a can of corned beef. I cut it in delicate slices and make it last a week. Jack says my true idea of economy is starving him. I answer by showing him his bonny face and form in the glass. He weighs fifteen pounds more than when we left the city. G. G. has cleared more ground and set out shade trees and evergreens. This is the beginning of our lawn. Our florist and nurseryman came to Jack for help in making his catalogue. He wanted to say a good deal to his customers, but had no library culture. He was glad to pay in shrubs and flowers. It does seem as if everything is turning to gold in our hands, not that we have any gold or money in any form, but I feel all the time that I am rich, and certainly we are wonderfully happy.

"July 8.—Another source of wealth. I had so much bonny-clabber, or curdled milk, that I did not know what to do with it. Experiment developed a nice cottage-cheese, which Jack says is a little like the famous Neufchatel. He believed they would sell, and carried down a dozen to our grocer. Now I cannot supply the demand for Mount Hope Cheese. Every day I send from ten to twenty, and get three cents each. Of course they are very small. We are feasting now upon blue-berries; they grow all over our woods. O, how delicious they are with corn cakes and cream!

"August 8.—Brownie's house is finished. It is a little barn with two stalls, quite a loft for hay, three bins for grains, two little windows, a compartment to keep a supply of leaves or other bedding for Brownie, and quite a little room for a workshop.

"August 20.—I am writing my journal in an old ledger which has very little writing in it—I mean besides my own. I always had a pleasure in keeping a record of what I do. This is for Birdie when she grows up. I want her always to remember her home with papa and mamma with pleasure, and I trust she will. With all my work and multiform cares, I try to keep the cottage very tidy. I never set my table without putting on it a bouquet of flowers, if there is anywhere a flower to be found. The blessed flowers! How many people have I known who 'adore flowers,' are always exclaiming about their loveliness, yet will not give five minutes a day to their care and culture! These persons only thing they love flowers. When flowers do really give them great satisfaction, their lives will require them, and they will make sacrifices to obtain them. After tea Jack always reads to me while I sew—mend usually, for we have few new things. I am become expert at mending, and this evening hour is one of the most delightful of the day.

"October 20.—Jack's old college chum, James Norton, just home from Europe, has made us a visit of three days, and we much enjoyed it. Luckily, I knew he was coming, and prepared as best I could. How fortunate that we had an extra bedstead! Some old sacking stuffed with pine needles made a very fair bed for our room, while our one good mattress did service in the guest-room. One chamber set of stoneware the cottage affords, and this also had to go to keep company with our best bed. When I showed the guest his room I hypocritically apologized for not having had time to make him as comfortable as I wished. He noted the pictures in rustic frames, the white muslin curtains parted in the center where hung a cocoa nut shell hanging-basket in which grew a beautiful trailing plant, the lovely flowers upon his table, and seemed charmed with his quarters. The next day after he came I made my first chicken pie. Two chickens had to be sacrificed the day before for this luxury. G. G. offered to kill the chickens. 'No,' said Jack, 'it is so disagreeable that I must do it myself.' Now that shows just what Jack is—noble in every thought.

"This friend of Jack's is a broker, and very rich. He asked me if I would not like a hot-air furnace in the cellar, and a little flower-room with double sashes for winter flowers. My eyes opened wide. The thought flashed upon me that something like these were to be my Christmas present."

Here ended my copying from Helen Burkbank's journal. My idea was to give it to the world as an example of happiness independent of outward circumstances. I knew my cousin would give me ready permission, so that I substituted other names for hers and her husband's. There was not much more recorded. On the winter following the late date there was a dreadful snow storm and fearful cold. The struggle was rather hard that winter, but the next saw a marvelous change. Jack's friend, the broker, lent him money, with which he made additions to his buildings, improved his ground, and generally added luxuries to that simple and blissful home; moreover, he invested in stock through the advice of Norton. From that hour there was a shadow upon Mount Hope. Finally Jack decided to move to New York and go into business with Norton. Helen protested but Jack was quite heavily in debt, and he saw a way to retrieve himself. He became rich, spent money lavishly, traveled abroad, built Torricelli, gratified every whim of his, or Helen's or Birdie's, but—happiness had forever fled.

On the day I made my last extract from Helen's journal I received a letter from her. She was in Rome. Birdie was alarmingly ill of malarial fever and the worst was feared, though Helen had great faith in the physician attending her. The letter disturbed me greatly. I felt anxious and nervous. All my expected pleasure in running Torricelli had proved an illusion. Hobson got mad, corrupted all the servants and left. I was glad when he was gone, and got along far better without him, despite the insolence of some of the servants and the laziness of all of them. The care of the place was a burden to me, and I longed for the return of its owners. Besides, there was something depressing about the place, despite its beauty. This I had not perceived at first, but now it grew upon me. One day the cook, whose salary was two thousand dollars a year threatened to leave. Mercy! Jack would certainly starve, though it had not been very long since he found a dinner of corn bread and milk with a few blackberries all-sufficient.

Another letter from Helen, a few days after the first, I will quote entire:

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, ROME, August 20, 18—.

"MY DEAR JANE,—I am the most wretched of women. Birdie is dreadfully ill. The doctor and the nurse send me from the room. It matters little, for my precious child does not know me. They urge me to ride, send carriages for me continually, but I must stay near her. The doctor has just ordered me to write to some friend. He scolds me for my distracted state as if I could be less overcome by this affliction than I am. I will open my heart to you my dear old friend. Jane, God is punishing me for my sins. Jack will not admit it, but I know it well. The finger of God could not write it plainer upon my heart. We were happy—oh, so happy!—in our dear old Mount Hope cottage, for we were serving God by labor for our own and all those around us. The wilderness about our home we made blossom like the rose. Birdie grew strong and beautiful every day. O, those days when we were really rich! for all we had was ours by honest right, not gained by some trick of speculation. Our simple food was sweeter than all the banquets of our grander state. Jack was tempted by his old friend to go into what he called and the world calls legitimate business. They were finally two of eight men who bought up all the flour in the market, or enough of it, Jane, to make every starving child's loaf of bread cost its wretched parents a penny more; for they held on to this flour until it went up and up. Then they sold and Jack became a rich man. Jane, the grand Torricelli you so much admire was built with such money as that. I *felt* that Jack's business was an unrighteous one, but I allowed my instincts to be argued down. There was my great sin; but, O God, my punishment seems greater than I can bear. Be witness you, my cousin Jane, for here I solemnly swear that if my Heavenly Father will spare my beloved child I will retrace my steps and go back to my simpler and nobler life. But I can write no more.

"Ever yours, dear cousin,

"HELEN BURBANK."

This letter explained a great deal. I saw just why Helen had not appreciated (as I thought) her lovely home. During those lonely weeks as mistress of Torricelli I reflected deeply upon the vanity of riches, the coveting of which had always been my besetting sin. It was a discipline I needed, and it taught me to distinguish between real and apparent wealth. Helen, in her poverty, had almost every blessing; in her wealth a beggar might have pitied her could he have read her heart. It was plain that the great love once existing between her and Jack had become as cool as that of the most worldly husbands and wives. Then I saw by this letter that Helen had forgotten how to be a Christian, else she would not have made a conditional vow to God. She would have simply bowed her head and promised to return to a better life.

My suspense was soon relieved by a telegram, or cablegram, as some say. Simply the words, "God be praised. Birdie is saved." A month afterward Helen wrote gay letters from Paris, and spoke of soon returning home. She had bought some wonderful pictures and some old carvings, "worth their weight in gold." She wrote of certain changes she was contemplating in the decorations of Torricelli, and gave me directions which she had not done before. I was terrified. Had she utterly forgotten her solemn vow? There was a sense of unrest continually with me, and when a dispatch came that the family had taken passage on the City of Lyons, my first thought was, "There is a Jonah on that steamer." Still, it was an idle thought, which did not occur again when weeks and months passed and there came no news of the vessel. It has always been supposed that she foundered in mid ocean, and that every soul perished. Jack left no will, and when his estate came to be settled there was not one dollar for any of his heirs, though he had passed for a very wealthy man. Every body presented claims. I thought of Jack's watch-word: "Visible opulence." He had known, then, upon what frail foundations his wealth had rested. Even the stately Torricelli with its ivy crowned towers must have been to him a veritable castle in the air.—*M. Howland, in Harper's Monthly.*

Our Great Source of Wealth.

There were in the United States in 1880 4,008,907 farms, embracing 284,771,042 acres of improved land. Suppose there should be equal to "one acre more" planted in corn to each farm the result would be at forty bushels to the acre, 160,000,000 bushels. These figures serve to show what farmers are, by a little extra effort, capable of accomplishing.

This country is great in resources and varied in climate, and a few facts from the census show that we have not overrated the agricultural interests in their relations to the wealth and industry of the Nation. Here are the figures:

Number of farms	[illegible]
Improved lands	[illegible]
Value of farms	[illegible]
Value of implements	[illegible]
Value of live stock	[illegible]
Value of farm products	[illegible]

There are millionaires in cities and rich merchants and manufacturers, but the great wealth, and that which does not shift much and is reliable, lies in our farms, and these, as we have already said, are the basis of all our industries. It is a business, too, that is not likely to be overdone, and never had farmers a better prospect ahead, or greater inducements to plant one acre more, than in this year, 1883.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

—An exchange announces in a tone of surprise, "The Czar and Czarina have been dancing at a ball." We fail to see anything very strange about this. Even in Chicago married people sometimes dance together if absolutely necessary to make up a set.—*Philadelphia News.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Old Bach's pudding: Beat up three eggs, flavor with essence of lemon and grated nutmeg, and add to them four ounces of finely-minced apples, currants, grated bread crumbs and two ounces of sugar, mix thoroughly and boil in a buttered mould nearly three hours. Serve with lemon sauce.—*The Household.*

An animal that has been injured by over feeding cannot be again brought into as good a condition as one that has grown poor through lack of food. Over-fed hogs can rarely be brought back to a good, healthy condition. The results of over feeding are derangement of the digestive organs, loss of appetite and finally loss of flesh.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is a well known fact that trees along highways, trees in towns and cities, trees in groves amidst agricultural regions render the atmosphere purer. They, by their foliage, absorb hurtful gases, which would otherwise be breathed by the inhabitants of the densely-populated cities, thereby modifying diseases, lessening the dangers of epidemics, and in all ways improving the healthfulness of communities.—*Chicago Journal.*

The wild cherry is a fine tree for the lawn, is very symmetrical in growth, has a beautiful foliage, and in May is covered with sprays of white fragrant flowers, affording abundant bee forage and in autumn its boughs are laden with festoons of bright black fruit much sought by birds and highly appreciated by lovers of old-fashioned "cherry bounce."—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

—Molasses pudding: Four cupfuls of flour, six eggs, two and a half cupfuls of molasses, one and a half cupfuls of butter, or butter and lard mixed, one cupful of butter or some cream and a teaspoonful of soda. Season to your taste with cinnamon, ginger or cloves and eat with hot boiled molasses as a sauce or else hot molasses, prepared by adding a small pinch of soda and stirring until it froths up well. It may be made more palatable by the addition of lemon or nutmeg as flavoring.—*Toledo Blade.*

—A Kansas farmer gives the following directions for raising artichokes: Plow the ground very early in the spring; cut the tubers to one eye in each piece, plant three and one-half by eleven and one-half feet apart, and cultivate the same as early potatoes; the richer the ground the better. This will yield from six to eleven hundred bushels per acre in rich soil with good cultivation. The tops can be gathered and cured same as corn fodder. Stock will eat them as readily as hay or corn fodder. Should you wish to clean your ground of them, let them grow twelve or fifteen inches in the spring, then turn your stock onto them; they are as easily destroyed as potatoes.

More Grass.

Pastures are too limited in number and extent. Too much land which can never be properly cultivated is lying idle, or raising crops of pestiferous weeds to have the seeds blown over the land devoted to crops. The pastures are never too large, but they are nearly always overstocked. There is greater ignorance in the proper management of the pasture and more neglect of its requirements to make it profitable, than probably any other branch of farming. In our dry and hot summers it will not do to have pastures cropped short. The grass must be left long enough to form a shade and mulch for the roots. Besides the leaves of trees and the blades of grass are their lungs, and limited growth is made of roots, body or branches if they are constantly robbed of leaves and blades. It is positively necessary for a good and prolific pasture to have enough of it so that the grass will be long, and then it will be thick, tender and succulent.

Clear out your hazel brush, your ravines, fence rows and all of the waste places on the farm, and sow them to the tame grasses. There has been published an abundance of advice by learned men of experience as to what kind of grass seed to sow on special soils and locations. If you have not been spending your idle time the past winter in running to town, but in studying your business and planning for greater success in farming, you are now well informed just what kind of grass seed to sow and when to sow it. But if you do not know these things, get the grass seed at random—any kind or all kinds, and sow it as you did your wild oats, recklessly and prodigally, and it will be the beginning of wisdom with you.

Some of you complain of high taxes. And yet probably you have been paying taxes for twenty years on some of your land, which by your neglect has not been yielding you a cent of income. Any one traveling through any part of the country can see on almost any farm many acres of waste land, which if carefully sowed to grass would yield a large profit per acre as the best plow land. And it is permitted to lie idle, and the plow land is scratched over yearly to raise money to pay taxes on land which has never yielded a cent to the present owner and never will.

But we trust our appeals will have some influence on those who are not too old in perversity. Sow more grass seed, have more fortune, and not particularly have more stock but better ones. Till less for the production of grain crops, but manage better and watch more carefully the improvement and growth of stock. It is less a life of servitude and more certain in its results.—*Iowa State Register.*

Adding to Arable Soil.

The welcome news has been published that an artesian well, not far from Denver, has succeeded in reaching water. Should the news be true it is of immense moment to the people of the United States. For it renders it possible to make arable land of millions and millions of acres of soil which is now waterless, or which has but a small downfall of rain in a short period of the year. It is the peculiarity of our western deserts that a very little water makes them amazingly fruitful. It now seems as if the time is coming when all the deserts of the earth will be rendered useful to man. The French engineers have for years past been steadily at work reclaiming the Desert of Sahara by means of artesian wells. A great number of these have been sunk along the western border, 1[illegible] of which are in the province of Constantine, and they are progressing steadily towards the interior of the desert. M. Jus, who has for twenty years superintended these magnificent works, has recently reported on this interesting topic, and among the curious phenomena he notices, is the finding of fishes and crabs, in these waters at very great depths. He says the crabs, when cooked, have a delicious flavor. It is clear the world will not have to pay heed to the dreadful forebodings of Malthus for many years to come, for the reclaiming of deserts by artesian wells would furnish soil to supply food for hundreds of millions of people. Some day no doubt human ingenuity and industry will find some means of utilizing rocky soils. Perhaps stones and boulders may be crushed, and proper chemicals added to make new soil in stony places. And so in time it may come to pass that a mold may cover the granite hills of New England, which will be as fertile as the rich river bottoms of the west. The earth is capable of supporting twenty times the number of its present inhabitants. It is said if Ireland were as populous relatively as the Island of Guernsey it would contain 10,000,000 of people. That it is not equally fruitful and prosperous is because of perverse human institutions in the way of wicked land-laws.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Rifling Made Easy.

In the time of Napoleon it was estimated that it took six hundred bullets to be fired in battle before a man was killed; in other words, every dead soldier represented his own weight in lead. But the recent improvement in firearms has added to the efficiency of the soldier. The greater range of the rifle, as well as the rapidity with which it can be fired, has made it thirty-two times more effective than the old smooth-bore. To put it more accurately, a military authority says that the modern rifle is superior to the old smooth-bore in the following particulars: It is eight times more effective in accuracy, two-thirds greater in range and penetration, five times greater in rapidity of aimed fire, while the weight of the cartridges per man has diminished, yet the number that may be carried has been increased. The added efficiency of the heavy guns is no less surprising. The famous Krupp now makes a gun of nine inches calibre and eighteen tons weight, which will send a ball through twenty inches of solid iron; and his field gun, within a range of more than a mile and a half, can be depended upon to put every projectile into a space of less than two hundred square feet. Taking into consideration the breech-loading, rifling, better powder, improved projectiles, the lighter carriages of steel, the science of artillery has been revolutionized, and one battery to-day is more effective than twenty of those so skillfully handled by the Great Napoleon. In the next great battles some dreadful engines of destruction will be brought into play. The Hotchkiss revolving gun can fire bursting shells at the rate of eighty a minute. It can pour out a continuous and deadly fire of seventy-five pounds of metal, or 1,200 hits, every sixty seconds. It is fearful to think of the havoc which would be caused by the guns of the future.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—The Philadelphia *Press* speaks of the coronation of Kalakaua as an "eblouissant spectacle." We had supposed it was to be something distingue, a sort of a royal renaissance, as it were, but dear, dear, that it should be so aggravated as "ebiouissant," we hadn't dreamed. If we had, we should have been there.—*Hartford Post.*

—Frederick Langer, who died at Davenport, Iowa, a few days ago at the age of seventy-five years, ran the first passenger train out of Philadelphia and took the first train into Indianapolis. He was the guest of Thomas A. Scott at the Centennial Exposition.

—One of the gold-mining companies operating in Fulton County, New York, has cleaned up about two hundred tons of gravel, the amalgam yielding $750 in gold, resembling the Australian product.

A Fireman's Fortune.

The San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle*, in an article on the Fire Department of San Francisco, gives the following from Asst. Chief Engineer Matthew Brady: "I have been subject to an aggravating pain in my chest for over four years. I resorted to various modes of treatment to obtain relief. I have had my chest terribly blistered. No physician could tell what was the matter with me. Two weeks ago I commenced using St. Jacobs Oil. It has cured me."

"AT last I know there is such a thing as a cold snap," remarked the burglar to the Sheriff, as he clapped the steel shackles on the shekel stealer.

LORD BYRON, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady —— has been dangerously ill, but now she is dangerously well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *killing*, and avoid being killed, by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

MANY a male brute who snarls and growls at his wife in public is ever loving and tender when no one else is around. He has to be.—*Philadelphia News.*

"FIRST a cough, carried me off,
And then a coffin they carried me off in."
This will not be your epitaph if you take your cough and Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" in time. It is specific for weak lungs, spitting of blood, night sweats, and the early stages of consumption. By all druggists.

JUST imagine that you have given a friend something very handsome and you will know what it is to have presents of mind.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

A POINT has position, but not size. That is probably the reason why so many fail to "see the point."

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago, a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, &c. Sold by all Druggists.

A PRIZE fighter should be paid in English money. The pounds are symbolic of his profession.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

It is said that Hanlan has made $80,000 by his good sculling. Money could never purchase health. "All that a man hath will he give in exchange for his life." Mishler's Herb Bitters is a preparation that eradicates disease from the human system. It is therefore an inestimable boon to man and this preparation cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism and all diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. All of these assertions are established as facts. The people believe them, too, hence the enormous sales.

THE dog who stepped on the door over a coal hole stopped long enough to discover that it was only a slip pup.

THE patient suffering from dyspepsia is apt to imagine himself affected with consumption, organic disease of the heart or some other incurable disease. Hanvaine cures dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists.

THE new patent door closers are called "checks," because they prevent a draft.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A LAND MARK—a dirty face.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A PAIR of slippers—Orange and banana skins.

IT is reported that a lady in Boston was promised a seal skin cloak if she would not speak for a quarter of an hour. She set her lips for silence, but at the end of a few minutes she exclaimed: "Mind you, its got to be a $250 one!"—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a drummer gets the mumps it increases the size of his face without adding anything to his inherent cheek.

NO INTELLIGENT lawyer will ever take the will for the deed.

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace the first day. After counting the price, he grumblingly remarked to the tenant of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. The tenant very innocently replied: "Aweel, sir, ye may be thankfu' ye hae gotten sae few o' them; they're far too dear."—*Exchange.*

A WIFE may be a blessing, but a dumb wife is an unspeakable blessing.

A DEAF mute has been arrested in New York for stealing two shirts. He will now have a hearing.

LOVE is much like a kitchen-stove, in being keenly susceptible to the action of a damper.

AN author who was eulogizing his own works as containing much "food for thought," was rather taken back by the remark of a friend: "They may contain food for thought, but it is wretchedly cooked."

IN RAISING ground against a man the same thing as throwing mud at him.

THE closest man ever heard of was one who could not get out of his own way.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE sons of the bricklayer—"still there's mortar follow."

A MAN never knows what genuine poverty is until he has to shave with soft soap.

FOR burns, scalds, bruises, chapped hands, sores or piles, use St. Patrick's Salve.

NAIL-KEGS are now made of sheet-iron, and the old wooden ones are covered with felt and sold as high hats.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A STRUGGLE—Reduction in the price of Arctic overshoes.—*Puck.*

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

PROTECTION for home industries. A lock on the pantry door.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE electric light is so much superior to gas that it is a wonder politicians don't dispense with the latter.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar Thoroughly cures a cough. Remember! Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

"OVER in Mexico, where the soil is poorer than an amateur concert," etc.—*Texas Siftings.*

KENDALL'S Rose Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

YOU can never rely upon an echo. Does not Shakespeare speak of the cave where Echo lies?—*Boston Courier.*

HAVE you seen the Celluloid Collars and Cuffs? Something new. Ask for them.

FASHIONABLE intelligence—Long dresses make clean crossings.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

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Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits, as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. [illegible]

An Internal Revenue Officer Saved.

PROVIDENCE, August 25, 18—.

Editor of Boston Herald:

DEAR SIR—During my term of service in the Internal Revenue Department of the United States, at the time my office was in this city, I was afflicted with a severe attack of kidney disease, and at times suffered intensely. I received the medical advice of some of our best physicians for a long time, without being benefited by their prescriptions. Being discouraged by the failure of the doctors to help me, and being urged to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had tested its merits, although reluctant to try a patent medicine, I was finally induced to try it, and procured two bottles of it, and commenced taking it faithfully according to the directions. Before I had taken it three days the excruciating pains in my back had disappeared, and before I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. [illegible] Hunt's Remedy [illegible]

Before closing I beg to mention the remarkable cure of a friend of mine in New York City, to whom I recommended this valuable medicine. He was suffering severely from an attack which was pronounced by his physicians a decided case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I obtained two bottles of Hunt's Remedy for him, and he commenced taking it, and began to improve at once and was speedily restored to health, and he attributes the saving of his life, under the blessing of a merciful Providence, to Hunt's Remedy. [illegible]

I shall be pleased to confer with any one who may desire an interview regarding the statements herein contained. [illegible]

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